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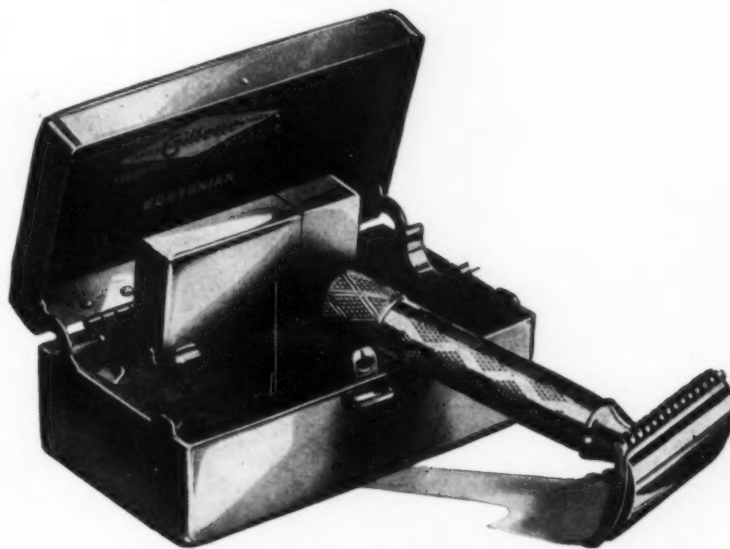
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WHITE GOLD

A Story Of Voodooism In Haiti

By DON HYDE, U. S. M. C.

CHAPTER I THE "BASIN ROUGE"

The night had been clear with a brilliant tropical moon shedding its mellow light over hill and valley, when Capt. Leonard Hollister, of the Gendarmerie, had left Petionville with his little party barely three hours before. The first few miles had been over comparatively level country, with a good, even trail. For an hour and a half they had continued along this trail until they reached the foot of the mountain where the trail had branched. The trail that Hollister was forced to follow led straight up the mountain and they had not gone far before they ran into a mass of low hanging clouds. They were completely enveloped by the white, billowy vapor, and after having ridden through it for nearly an hour were as wet as though they had ridden through a heavy rain.

To add to their troubles the trail had lived up to their worst expectations. In fact, in places it had proved to be almost impassable and they experienced no little difficulty in following it. Again and again they would wander off from one side or the other, only to be brought up short by a sharp blow from a low hanging limb on one of the trees that lined the way. Fortunately, in some places sufficient moonlight filtered through the heavy clouds to enable them to avoid the worst places in the trail, but they had to trust mainly to the instinct and sure-footedness of their mounts.

No sound was to be heard save the occasional click of a steel-shod hoof against a loose stone and the steady drip, drip of the moisture from the large leaves of the banana trees. Captain Hollister, who was riding ahead, turned in his saddle and studied the other members of the party as best he could in the semi-darkness.

Besides himself there was another officer in the party and three enlisted men. Hollister had debated at some length with himself as to the wisdom of detailing a native officer to accompany him on what

might prove to be a rather delicate and possibly hazardous undertaking. Lieutenant Pierre Fourreau, the other officer in the party, had been selected because of his intimate knowledge of the section of the country through which they were traveling and also because of his keen insight into the minds of his fellow countrymen. The corporal and two privates who made up the rest of the party were picked men from Hollister's own company.

Reining in his horse, Hollister lit a cigarette and waited for Fourreau to catch up with him. When Fourreau had arrived at his side he touched his horse with his spurs and continued along the trail.

"Well, Fourreau," said Hollister, suddenly. "What do you think of this expedition now? Doesn't seem to be starting off very well. First we have to strike the worst trail in Haiti. If there is one worse than this it has been my good fortune never to run into it. Then these damn clouds, with the trail running so close to the edge in some places. Every time my horse misses a step I think I am going over the side."

"You may remember, Captain," replied Fourreau, "that I warned you that this trail would be very poor, though I must admit that it is even worse than I expected. It isn't the worst trail in Haiti, though, not by a dam' sight."

"By the way, Captain, the General told me hardly a thing more about the real purpose of this trip than is contained in my orders and you know how brief they are. I will certainly appreciate it if you will give me the straight dope."

Hollister considered a moment before replying. While his orders, which were mainly verbal, did not enjoin absolute secrecy, at least so far as concerned the members of his party, he was by nature uncommunicative. He considered the fact that he had known of Fourreau for over two years, though it was only recently that he had met him. He knew that Fourreau was considered to be one of the

best of the few native officers and he had never heard of an adverse report regarding him. Fourreau, he further knew, came from one of the most prominent families in Haiti and was financially independent. Educated in England and France, he spoke almost faultless English with just a perceptible accent and, on the whole, was a most polished and cultured gentleman.

Hollister finally decided that it might be best to furnish Fourreau with all the meager data regarding the expedition on which they were now engaged. Possibly he might grasp some point that had been overlooked; besides, an emergency might arise where a full knowledge of the facts on the part of Fourreau would prove invaluable.

"The whole thing started at the Banque Nationale yesterday morning," said Hollister, at last. "As near as I can gather from the bank officials, an old man came in about eleven o'clock and, walking up to the cashier's window, presented some old French gold coins with the request that they be changed into gourdes. I guess it sort of took the cashier off his feet for a minute. Well, he must have survived the shock, because he took the matter up with the manager, who called the old fellow into his office and asked him some questions."

"He didn't have much to say at first. Probably half scared to death, but finally they got the story out of him. Seems that these coins had been in the possession of his family for a long time. Must have been heirlooms of a sort, you know, handed down from generation to generation and all that sort of stuff. He didn't really want to get rid of them but he was flat broke and needed money badly, payment due on the old family homestead or something and they were the only thing he had that was worth anything. Sounds fishy to me, what do you think?"

"No," replied Fourreau. "It is a perfectly plausible story. Some of these natives, once they get hold of a thing like that, will starve before they let it go. The only thing that sounds fishy to me is that

he would change the gold into gourdes, but please let me hear the rest of the story."

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Hollister, "have I started out on a wild goose chase after all? Well, the manager of the bank swallowed the story all right and told the cashier to go ahead, weigh the gold, and give the old bird gourdes to actual value of the gold in the coins."

"Now in my opinion the manager played a bonehead trick there, but, of course, my viewpoint is somewhat prejudiced because if he had called some Gendarmerie officer down the matter would have been settled then and there and I would be in Port au Prince now enjoying a nice, long, cool one instead of riding along through the clouds, but it can't be helped."

"The manager told the president of the bank when he came in and that afternoon the president told the general about it over a whisky and soda at the club right after lunch. The general didn't waste any time. He called me up, explained the whole business and the result was that I am to investigate it."

"But why investigate it?" interrupted Fourreau.

"Oh, the general got the idea that this old man may have discovered some buried treasure and at the time that seemed to me to be more probable than the story the old chap told. Now, after listening to you, I'm not so sure. Anyway, you know the law regarding buried treasure, so if we had the least reason for suspecting this bird of finding treasure, it was our duty to investigate."

"By jove, Captain," said Fourreau, "you may be right and on the whole I am inclined to think you are. There is undoubtedly an immense amount of treasure of all kinds secreted throughout the island. Of course, most of it may be only legendary, but some of the French planters, before we gained our independence (Fourreau was intensely patriotic) and drove them into the sea, were very wealthy and just what became of their wealth has never been explained. I have always imagined that a large percentage of it was buried with the hope of retrieving it later."

"As soon as I received my orders from the general," continued Hollister, "I took four of my best men and went down to the bank. We got a description of the man and my men started out to hunt for him. Looked sort of hopeless for a while, about like hunting for the needle in the proverbial hay stack. Luck was with us, though, and one of my men caught a glimpse of him. He had four companions and they were leaving town with a small pack train just as my man sighted them. He had only time to secure a horse and send a short report to me by a passing Gendarme."

"This was all I knew until early this afternoon when the detective returned and made a full report. Now here is where the incredible part of the whole story comes in."

"Fourreau," here Hollister changed the subject abruptly, "do you believe in voodoo?"

For a moment Fourreau gazed at Hollister in stupefied amazement. He hardly knew whether to be amused or angry, but decided to assume the former attitude.

"What are you trying to do, kid me?" he laughed. "Of course I don't believe in voodoo. No one with any knowledge at

all does. But where does voodoo fit in your story?"

"Well," replied Hollister, "you may not believe in it but my detective must. He says he followed the pack train to Petionville and then out of Petionville and along this trail we are now on. He followed them quite a distance beyond where we are now to a point where the trail goes down into a small valley. He was, of course, quite a distance behind them. By the time he had reached the point where the trail descended, the pack train was well across the valley. It was bright moonlight and he knew that he would be seen the moment he started down, so he waited for them to pass out of sight. Suddenly there was a great flash of blood-red fire and a dense cloud of black smoke. When the smoke had cleared away, the pack train had disappeared!"

Receiving no immediate reply from Fourreau, Hollister turned in his saddle and gazed at him intently but was unable, in the gloom, to make out the expression on his face. Could he have done so he would have been surprised to see that Fourreau's face was a mask of conflicting emotions—the predominating of which was fear.

"Well, what do you think of it?" snapped Hollister, impatiently.

"Sacré nom," he muttered through clenched teeth, "the 'Great Spirit' of the 'Basin Rouge'."

"The 'Great Spirit' of the 'Basin Rouge,'" repeated Hollister. "What do you mean?"

"Surely you, Captain, the chief of police, have heard of the 'Basin Rouge'?"

"No, I haven't," replied Hollister. "Just because I happen to be chief of police of Port au Prince, is no reason why I should hear all the legends and weird myths in Haiti. Come on now and tell me all you may know about this 'Basin Rouge' and the 'Great Spirit.' It may give us an inkling of what we are up against."

"To begin with, the story is old. I have known it all my life and my father has often told me the same thing. Somewhere in these hills beyond Petionville lies the 'Basin Rouge.' It is a secret valley and no one knows its exact or even approximate location. According to the tale there is a fabulous treasure buried there that was hidden during the revolution. This treasure is guarded by the 'Great Spirit.' As the story goes, this spirit shows his anger in various ways when anyone approaches too near his stronghold. This blood-red fire is one way and then there are terrible cries. If these methods fail the 'Great Spirit' will send forth a Loup-Garrou. Many men have left to seek the treasure but not one has returned."

Hollister was surprised to hear this story that coincided so closely with the experience of his detective, but he was dumbfounded at the undernote of fear in Fourreau's voice. A few minutes before this same Fourreau had emphatically denied any belief whatsoever in voodoo, yet now he had told this incredible tale in a tone that left no doubt in the mind of the listener that it was taken seriously by the relater.

Yet, after a little reflection, Hollister did not consider it so strange that Fourreau had some belief in voodoo. It must be an inborn trait with these people, he thought. He knew that all educated natives would deny such beliefs, but in spite of themselves they would show their be-

lief in some way, such as a fear of certain signs or the wearing of a charm to ward off evil. He knew from experience that it was practically impossible to convict an alleged voodoo priest in court. One look from the priest and the judges would seem to wilt in their seats.

"I thought you told me a few minutes ago that you didn't believe in voodoo, but now you tell me the story of this so-called 'Basin Rouge' in all sincerity," Hollister said, at last.

"I don't believe in voodoo, Captain," replied Fourreau, in an injured tone, "but then again I have seen things with my own eyes that I couldn't explain. You must admit, though, that your detective saw the blood-red fire of the 'Basin Rouge'."

"Or else he had heard the story before and was drunk that night," snorted Hollister. "Look here, Fourreau, I can easily understand how an ignorant, uneducated man from way back here in the hills might believe all this voodoo bunk, but you, an educated man—why you know that everything can be explained in some rational, logical manner."

"I have heard that you are a devotee of Voltaire. How can you possibly reconcile your belief in this 'Basin Rouge' with his teachings?"

Fourreau did not reply, but rode silently along. From his air Hollister felt that he had hurt him deeply. He felt a sudden pang of remorse for, he thought, it wasn't Fourreau's fault that he was weighed down with the accumulated superstitions of centuries; the superstitions of ancestors who, a few generations back, had been cannibals in the jungles of Africa.

"I'm sorry, Fourreau, and I apologize for my hasty remark. Let's forget it," suggested Hollister.

"Why certainly, Captain, replied Fourreau. "No apology was necessary."

During the course of their conversation the little party had continued the steady climb upwards. The trail had become even worse as they advanced. Again and again a horse would stumble in the darkness and nearly throw his rider headlong. A few minutes before they had passed out of the cloud bank into a brilliant flood of moonlight.

Hollister looked about and found that they had arrived at a small clearing on the edge of a gorge that would make an ideal camping ground. He accordingly called a halt and dismounted. With the experience of an old campaigner he had brought with him only such articles as were absolutely necessary. In his saddle bags were a few toilet articles, smoking tobacco, an electric flashlight and a mess kit. In the blanket roll tied behind his saddle he carried a poncho, two blankets, and a change of clothes. The single pack animal carried a week's rations for five men.

After unsaddling his horse and tying him to a tree, he spread his blankets on the ground with the saddle bags for a pillow. This accomplished, he lit a cigarette and strolled off by himself to think things over.

Seating himself on a large, flat rock, he gazed in awe at the weird scene. Above him loomed the mountain, cold, black and sinister in the moonlight. Below him the clouds seemed to form an immense, billowy sea that stretched as far as his eye could reach. Here and there in the distance another mountain peak reared its

CHAPTER II

"THE VALLEY OF DEATH"

The next morning Hollister arose with the sun. After performing his ablutions at a small spring on the far side of the clearing, he sat down and ate heartily of a simple breakfast.

Lighting an after-breakfast cigarette before starting the day's journey, he thought of the blood-red glow he had seen the night before. At first he was inclined to believe that it had been a figment of his imagination, but, on second thought, he felt morally sure that he had seen it. Possibly the stories told by his detective and Fourreau had influenced his thought and an overwrought mind had done the rest. Evidently none of the other members of the party had seen it, as it had not been mentioned. Due to Fourreau's evident fear of the "Basin Rouge" he resolved to say nothing to him of the incident.

None of his men understood English and he had felt positive that they knew nothing of the real import of the expedition, yet early this morning, while his simple breakfast was being prepared, he had noted several covert glances cast in his direction. It would seem that the men either knew or suspected more than he thought. He was at a loss to understand where they could have obtained any knowledge of his purpose; and he instantly dismissed the thought of Fourreau's having told them anything. Possibly the detective had talked before they left Port au Prince; at any rate it seemed to him a matter of minor importance. He knew them to be loyal men who would follow wherever he led.

Rising, Hollister threw away his cigarette and addressed Fourreau. "Have the men get the horses ready," he said, "we may as well get started. How far do you think we have to go before we strike the valley where the pack train disappeared?"

"I don't know, Captain," replied Fourreau. "This is the first time I was ever so far along this trail. I have also heard of that valley you speak of. It is the 'Valley of Death.' No Haitian would ever come along this trail alone. I am surprised that your detective had the courage to follow it. Are you sure that we are on the right one?"

"It must be," said Hollister, with a frown. "Possibly my detective didn't know all this bunk about 'Great Spirits' and 'Valleys of Death.' I remember, now, that he told me about this clearing; in fact, it is one of the landmarks he mentioned, and he said that the valley is about three hours ride from here.

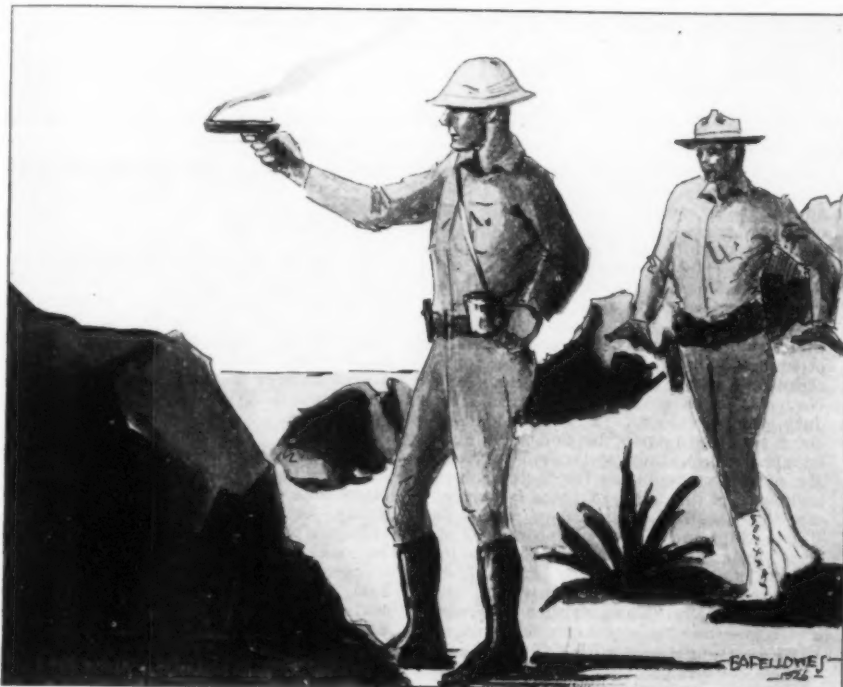
"By the way, why is this valley called the 'Valley of Death'?"

"Because no one who has ever entered it has returned alive."

"You just said that no one ever used this trail. How, then, do you know that no one has ever returned from the valley alive?"

"All I know, Captain, is that the story says so. It has been a long time since anyone has tried to find the valley. I remember my father telling me once that, about twenty years ago, a white man and his wife started out to explore the interior of the island. They left Petionville with their servants and guides, and since

(Continued on Page 27)



He raised his pistol and taking steady aim at the head of the serpent, pulled the trigger.

self, like an island, above the ocean of clouds.

He thought of Fourreau's story. Such stories he knew were prevalent throughout the island, but none of the white men gave them any credit. Yet this story was substantiated, to a certain degree, by the report of his detective. Then there was this blood-red fire to account for. He thought of a possible volcanic origin, but dismissed the thought. If there were an active volcano, no matter how small, so close to Port au Prince, it would be a matter of common knowledge. Then again he didn't know how much faith to put in his detective's report. Possibly, as he had half jokingly suggested to Fourreau, the man had heard the story before and was drunk when he thought he saw the fire. He finally decided that the only thing to do was to "carry on" and not attempt to explain things with so little data.

For a moment he left his thoughts wander. The bright moonlight! Why, this self-same moon was even now shining over faraway Washington. Washington . . . Madeline. Would he never forget Madeline? It almost seemed that he still loved her. Possibly it was the moonlight. It did queer things to people. It was such a night as this, the night they had stood together on the heights of Virginia and looked down upon beautiful Washington, sleeping peacefully in the moonlight. Such was the night when he had told her that he loved her, and she, beautiful and adorable, cruel and cold, had said that she could never love a man that didn't amount to something. Was all love, he wondered, subject to the beck and

call of the little Golden God?

Then—a fit of sudden anger—the Marine Corps—Haiti—promotions—gunnery sergeant—the Gendarmerie. Now he was a captain and chief of police of Port au Prince. Would she, he asked himself, think he amounted to something now? No, he told himself; success, to her, was spelled M-O-N-E-Y, in capital letters. Let the past remain buried. Yes, on the whole this was best. He thought of Kipling:

"Down to Gehenna or up to the throne,
He travels the fastest, who travels alone."

Alone! Always—alone.

Firmly he put her from his mind. He thought of the fabulous treasure supposed to be buried in the "Basin Rouge." Had the old man he was hunting actually stumbled on an immense treasure? If so, what would his share be? Would he return in triumph for . . . damn it, he was thinking of her again.

During his meditations a light breeze had sprung up and as he rose to his feet, the clouds parted like a giant curtain controlled by an unseen hand. Far in the distance he could see the moonlit waters of the bay and the dim outline of La Gonave. Beyond La Gonave lay the open sea, and beyond the sea—but he must not let his thoughts wander again.

As he turned to seek his blankets, something impelled him to look to the north. Clearly and distinctly he saw, for a moment, a blood-red glow as of an immense fire appear sharply against the sky.

The President Of The United States As An Army And Navy Officer

By EDWIN NORTH MCCLELLAN

"The President shall be the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States." The Constitution of the United States says so.

A commander-in-chief is one who exercises supreme command. The President of the United States is the military commanding officer of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps in every sense of the word. The Constitution commissions him as such.

Some day, probably in the distant future, the commander-in-chief may prescribe a uniform for his exalted naval and military rank, and wear it. He needs no law to permit this. When he does, the people will possibly refer to him as the Admiral-General of the Navy and Army of the United States.

It is not past belief that a day may come when a president of the United States will lead "an American army in the field as its commander-in-chief." Theodore Roosevelt might have done so had he been president during the World War. James Madison almost did so in August, 1814. Woodrow Wilson assumed command of the State Department in the field when he visited Paris in 1919.

The commander-in-chief is as much a naval officer as was John Paul Jones or David G. Farragut. He is as much an officer of the Army as was Ulysses Simpson Grant, or as is John J. Pershing. George Washington, after he took the oath as president of the United States, was as much an Army officer as he was when he commanded the Army at Trenton or Yorktown. He also became naval officer when he became president.

The Constitution provides that the president "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Some of these laws refer solely to the Army and Navy, the latter including the Marine Corps. The Army laws designed to enforce discipline are generally called the Articles of War, and the Navy Laws, the Articles for the Government of the Navy. Congress also passes many enactments (which become laws when approved by the president), not included in those two groups just mentioned, for the purpose of assisting the president as commander-in-chief in administering Army and Navy affairs. The chief executive as president must take care that all these laws are executed. As constitutional commander-in-chief he has a further duty—a military and naval duty.

The Constitution provides that Congress (elected by the people) shall "raise and support armies," and "provide and maintain a navy." Also, that Congress shall "make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces." These mandates of the Constitution Congress obeys when it enacts the Articles of War, Articles for the Government of the Navy, Appropriation Acts, and such other acts to adequately perform its constitutional duty regarding the Army and Navy. Congress having performed its duty, the president, as commander-in-chief, becomes responsible for the administration of military and naval matters. He becomes responsible for the efficiency and state of discipline of these two great arms of national defense.

The Supreme Court and certain "inferior courts" of the United States interpret and construe these laws. They give their exact legal meaning to the Army and Navy. Thus, neither the Army and Navy, nor their commander-in-chief, have anything to do with either passing the laws or defining them. The president, of course, has a duty of approving or disapproving acts of Congress, but he does not do this in his capacity of commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy.

The courts of the United States, with these laws before them, hold in effect that the Army and Navy form a separate community recognized by the Constitution. Further, that certain rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution are waived by those persons who enter the Army, Navy or Marine Corps. Among these rights are those of trial by jury, of presentment or indictment by grand jury, of being confronted by the witnesses against them and of retaining counsel upon trial by court-martial.

The Army, Navy and Marine Corps did not decide those matters. The Constitution, Congress and the Supreme Court made the decisions. However, the president of the United States, in his capacity as commander-in-chief, accords the last two rights mentioned as well as all others in a spirit of justice. The spirit of the Constitution is not denied any soldier, sailor or Marine.

As commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, the president must enforce discipline on the Army and Navy would be nothing but a mob. We all know what a mob is. Congress recognized the paramount importance of discipline by enacting laws which the president approved creating courts-martial. Congress gave these courts-martial to the commander-in-chief to enable him properly to command the Army and Navy and en-

force discipline. They are utilized under his orders by Army and Navy officers whom he appoints by and with the consent of the Senate.

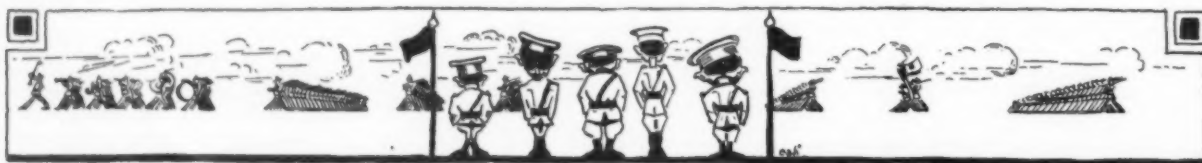
It should not be overlooked that the President can appoint any American citizen he desires as an officer of the Army or Navy. Except for the "advice and consent of the Senate," his appointing power is absolute. This strengthens his power as commander-in-chief, and also adds to his responsibilities as such. He is responsible.

As commander-in-chief, the president himself may convene a deck court of the Navy or a summary court-martial of the Army—or any other military or naval tribunal provided by Congress. Indeed, he could call an offending bluejacket, soldier, or marine before him and punish him with confinement on bread and water. Such is the president's status as an Army, Navy and Marine officer.

The court-martial belongs to the president—the commander-in-chief—not to the judiciary or the legislative bodies. The commander-in-chief is responsible for the discipline of the armed forces of the United States, and every time a court-martial adjudges a sentence which is later approved by the legal authorities, his constructive approval is assumed. No commander-in-chief in the world has any greater power than he. He actually selects and appoints into the public service every officer who sits on a court-martial of the Army and Navy.

Since the court-martial is no part of the judiciary, its proceedings are not subject to be directly reviewed by a civil court; nor are its sentences subject to appeal to a civil court. The appeal from a court-martial is to the commander-in-chief, the president, or, what is the same thing, to either the secretary of the Navy or War Department. A civil court has no authority over a court-martial, provided the court-martial has obeyed the law in all respects. A civil court, however, may rightfully consider whether the court-martial was legally constituted, whether it possessed jurisdiction conferred by law, whether the sentence adjudged is legal, whether the approvals required by law were made, etc. In brief if the court-martial has complied strictly with law, no civil court can legally interfere.

The courts of the United States settled the above questions. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps and their constitutional Commander-in-Chief had nothing to do with them at all.



MASTS FOR THE FRIGATES

By EDWIN NORTH MCCLELLAN

Today it is oil. Yesterday it was coal. Before that it was special timber suitable for the construction of frigates, especially masts for the Navy. Just as we now read of the present fear that our Navy will be handicapped by a lack of oil, similar fears were expressed in the past over the possibility that the supply of suitable timber, and of coal, would become exhausted and thus leave the Navy high and dry. A sailing ship of the old Navy, without a sturdy mast, was no better off than would be a modern battleship of the new Navy without fuel oil. And so during the American Revolution up went the demanding call: "Masts! Masts! We must have masts for the frigates!"

Shipbuilding started only a few years after the first English settlement was permanently established in America. We read that as early as 1614 a yacht was built in America by the early naval pioneer who gave his name to Block Island. From that date on thousands of vessels, including ships for the British Navy, were constructed by Americans. Accordingly, when the "shot heard 'round the world" was fired at Lexington, America had at her command a group of efficient naval constructors familiar with the art of building frigates for the infant Navy. These were the American patriots who called for the masts for those famous "wooden ships" manned by "iron men."

During the American Revolution there was a virgin and plentiful supply of timber with which to construct warships. The principal difficulty was to get the timber to those points along the coast where the frigates were to be built. That difficulty was a real one, for not only had the timber to be transported, but protection had to be accorded to the workmen against the dangers of the forest.

What would be your course of action if the wife of a half-freed Indian, after stealthily creeping up to your door, informed you that her husband was going to scalp you? Land him in jail? Right! That's exactly what Capt. Dennis Leary, of the American Marines, a laughing, rollicking Irishman, did in the year of our Lord, 1780, to Niel Tye, who was one of those "dangers of the forest" interfering with the Navy getting its masts.

There is a maxim among the Marines that an officer is not a sure-enough Marine until he has served a cruise on a naval ship-of-war. Dennis Leary won his spurs in this regard as a real horse Marine should early in the Revolution. He was lieutenant of the Andrea Doria Marines, when that vessel sailed from the Delaware Capes early in May, 1773, for Abacoa under sealed instructions. On this cruise the Race Horse was captured and Lieutenant Leary's share of the prize money was 54 pounds, 11 shillings and 3 pence.

The Andrea Doria was destroyed to save her from alien possession when Philadelphia, the capital of the United States, fell to the enemy in 1777, after the Battle of Brandywine. Lieutenant Leary's duty at sea ended with her destruction. Then came varied service ashore for the lieu-

tenant, his promotion to captain of Marines, and his detail by the Continental naval authorities to command a small detachment of Marines in the protection of workmen engaged in cutting out masts for the frigates from the forests around Reading, Pa., in the summer of 1780.

Some time in the spring of 1780 the Board of Admiralty (which served as a Navy Department for Continental Congress) agreed with James Wilson, Esq., that he provide "masts for the Navy of the United States to be cut up the Schuylkill, and consented that Capt. Dennis Leary, a captain of Marines, should superintend the workmen who were employed in that business." Captain Leary recruited a small company of Marines in Philadelphia and proceeded to Reading, Pa., a flourishing young settlement located in the Appalachian foothills on the Schuylkill River.

On Sunday, August 27, 1780, Captain Leary was "alarmed with an account of an attack made by the Indians at a house about a mile" from his camp on the Schuylkill River, near Reading. He immediately marched to the house with four Marines, where he viewed a scene of sad desolation. The man of the house and two children were stretched out in death, victims of the savages. The Indians had already retreated, carrying with them a little girl. Stopping only to bury the dead, Captain Leary started in pursuit of the murderers with ten Marines. Captain Balty and Colonel Lintemuth reinforced him with about fifty men. The search was continued until August 31, without locating the savages, and was then given up.

"Since the first attack, a house and a barn have been burned on little Schuylkill," two "horses taken," and "a little boy, son of one Shurr, is also missing since Tuesday last," wrote Captain Leary to William Moore, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Council, on September 1, 1780.

One Sunday about this time a man and his wife appeared in the camp of the Marines on the Schuylkill, stating that their name was Hamilton, and that the man was a carpenter. A few days later it was ascertained that the man's name was not John Hamilton, as he pretended, but Niel Tye, a half-breed. To further add to the mystery, Tye's wife brought a message to Captain Leary, begging him to guard himself against her husband, who had "determined to scalp" him. A guard of Marines soon located the blood-thirsty Niel Tye, and he was immediately ensconced in Reading Gaol. Captain Leary's only comment concerning this unusual affair, in a letter to Mr. Moore, was that it "seemed a little extraordinary."

These incidents proved clearly to Captain Leary that he needed additional men to perform adequately the mission assigned to him. He therefore, on September 1, wrote to Mr. Moore that he must "beg the assistance of the Council in forwarding such supplies of men and provisions as will be necessary for defending the post where we are, at least, if not the rest of the frontier." On the same date he addressed a letter to the Board of Admiralty, in which he "informed them that he was entirely interrupted in the important business they were pleased to direct him to perform, near the Blue Mountains, by inroads and depredations of the savages in that part."

These reports brought the desired assistance. The Board of Admiralty requested the Pennsylvania authorities to send about fifty soldiers to Captain Leary. The arrival of this reinforcement enabled Captain Leary to furnish proper protection to the woodmen who were working on masts for the frigates.

NOTE—This article appeared in the D. A. R. magazine of December, 1925, and is published by courtesy of Miss Natalie Sumner Lincoln, editor.

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DEAR FELLOWS:

As I write this, outside I can hear automobile horns honking, kids squalling in anticipation as the older folks hurry them along, and the "click-click" of many high heels (the men must all have on rubber ones), as everybody is hurrying toward Canal street to see the first parade of the Mardi Gras season. The parade and ball of Momus tonight officially opens the season. In about half an hour the huge floats, drawn by four and six, maybe eight, horses will go lumbering along, each preceded and flanked by men in red robes (cut a la Ku Klux Klan), carrying blazing red flares, or torches. On each float will be men in white tights (probably shivering until their teeth are chattering), with gold and tinsel outer garments, and queer, silly-looking false faces or masks, and each float will represent one special scene or part of a story that the whole parade depicts, and which will be enacted later at the ball. And from each float the maskers will throw into the crowd queer bead necklaces, whistles, rings, candy and souvenirs of all kinds, and there will be a general scramble, for each visitor especially likes to take home such a memento.

Now, I know you all are wondering just why, with all this going on six blocks away, I am plugging at the typewriter, so I will tell you. After four delightful weeks, during which we went coatless and hatless, it has gone and turned as cold as some of that which New York recently paid around a million dollars to get shoveled out from under. Having also seen five carnivals pass over this bobbed head, we are taking it easy before a nice, warm fire, and using our imagination. And that's that.

The Blonde Stenog remarks that she rises to nominate Jack Dempsey for the U. S. Delegate to the World Court, as she considers him a diplomat at evading scraps.

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
Keep your hand upon the wheel, dear,
Or, if one handed, drive slow.

There are, we find, two sorts of great open spaces—the ones in Zane Grey's novels, and the ones that are under a \$25.00 permanent wave.

The merciless sun of the Sahara poured its scorching heat on the red-hot sands. Amongst the dunes three camels, with riders, could be seen traveling as if recently refreshed. From the side of each swung a skin of water fresh from an oasis a few miles back. Suddenly the

lead camel was swung to one side and its rider dismounted and ran over to a figure that lay groveling in the gritty sand. "Water! Water!" begged a quivering voice. The rider bent over him suddenly and looked into the dust-grimed face. Yes, it was old Mitchell, who had been his top sarg back in the days when he was a boot in training and the war had just broke out. A smile cut the frown from his face, and, tossing a small package to the prostrate form, he strode to his kneeling camel, mounted and rode away. With trembling hands the man clutched the small package, tore it open and tumbled back upon the sands with a groan.

The package was one of salted peanuts.

Leatherneck: I miss the old cuspidor since it is gone.

His Bunkie: You missed it before. That's why it is gone.

We don't know what is wrong with our old friend, O. O. McIntyre, but, judging by his recent blurbs about Florida, he had better confine himself to the sidewalks of New York. Only the other day, remarking on the subject of a Florida sunset, he said "the sun went down, spitting red darts of fire into a black sky." If it was a native sun, we assume it was probably disappointed over some real estate deal.

1st Gyrene: I never felt so punk in my life.

2nd Gyrene: Do any drinking last night?

1st Gyrene: Yes, but I felt fine until I got up. It was the getting up that did it.

Definition

Life is a harp whose slender strings,
Stirred by a casual breath,
To tones resonant and profound,
Echo through halls of death.

We are today in receipt of a letter from a young lady who is presently making her home in Washington. She tarried in New Orleans for only a short time, but that length of time was sufficient for us to get acquainted with her, and to show her the first Marine in full blues she had ever seen. We do not think it was because of a scarcity of Marines up around Boston, where she hailed from, but we think she had only just reached that phase of a young woman's existence where she becomes cognizant of uniforms. Anyhow, she writes:

"Last night we were at a showing of a film made at different Marine depots showing the activities of the men from the time they landed at Parris Island and were shorn of their crowning glories till they were following the Starry Banner all 'round the globe. Mr. Lejuene (I don't know what rank he has) was in the audience with several of his staff, and I think Marines look every bit as well in their evening black and white as in their regular uniforms, although I am very partial to the pretty uniforms, especially when they are marching along with their white gloves swinging at the same angle."

We are writing the lady in question tonight, explaining to her that she had the great honor of having seen our General

with his staff, and we shall also mention that Marines are never, under any circumstances, "pretty," although the majority of them are darn good to look at, or, as they say over in Kentucky, "easy on the eyes," and we shall also take this occasion to ask you boys in Washington to be on the lookout for a little girl with long, black hair, parted in the middle and done in a knot on her neck, whose eyes are large and appealing, who plays the piano quite well, and is, we are sure, having a whale of a good time in Washington checking up on the Marines to write down here and tell us about.

Inasmuch as Lieutenant Hartsell didn't answer our S O S for some dope on what is going on over the river, probably due to the fact that there is a dance on tonight, given by the Ball Club, we shall have to sign off without making any special mention of the New Orleans gang.

LAMENT OF A MOVIE QUEEN

By Ray Payton (a Marine Operator)

I climb the ladder to run the show
At the place where the "Boots" sit, row upon row;
If it's good or bad, you bet they'll know—
My Audience.

It's mostly recruits, but all are Gyrenes,
For the Island's the place where they make Marines;
But they're hard to please, or so it seems—
My Audience.

If the show is good and the machines run fine,
With never a stop or noisome grind,
Do they cheer the "Queen"? Even be kind?
Not my Audience!

Just a faulty print, a reel that is bad,
A stop for a minute, and you'd think every lad,
From the din below, had gone crazy or mad.
But my Audience

Should know ere now my machines are old,
Sometimes the film on the sprocket won't hold,
For the holes are broken, and I do get told—
By my Audience!

When I am troubled with a sprocket-run print,
And applause from below gives my face a pink tint,
I could kill every one, and that's a hint
For my Audience.

After the show my duty is done,
And I don't feel mean, for Marines are one;
And even at that—the show's just run
For my Audience.

Jazz History

The French were just evacuating the Rhine Valley. A poilu shouted back to a German standing on the bank of the stream: "Hey, Heinie, the Rhine's a rotten river!"

To which the German replied: "So's your old Marne!"—Life.

LES AFFAIRES DU COEUR

Conducted by

MLLE. DJER-KISS

Of Champagne sur Cognac, France

The other afternoon the weather was so nice that after I finished my work I took my brand new, large, black Ford touring car and went for a fine ride. As I say before the weather was nice but the country it look so dreary. Soon though it will be spring time again and, voila, I will see these Japanese cherry trees I hear so much about in bloom.

On my way back from this ride it is evening with wonderful moonlight and I find a girl walking in the road and I stop and take her in. We ride for a little long time but say nothing. I think to myself, maybe she speak French, so I say, "Parlez-vous francais?" She look at me for one moment and then say, "No, no. Conduit Road, Chevrolet Coupe." I don't know what she mean but it sound funny, yes?

I have receive so many letters from readers of THE LEATHERNECK that I hardly know where to begin. I can't answer all this time but I try to do so soon.

Here is a letter I receive from a cor-poral:

Dear Mlle. Djer-Kiss:

If I hadn't seen your department in the LEATHERNECK I don't know what I should have done. I am in love with the best little girl in the world back home. I write to her regularly but she has a brother in the Marine Corps and he doesn't write to her at all. She seems to think that I should be able to tell her just what her brother is doing, if he is well, etc. No, I am on the East coast and he is in Guam and if I don't do something soon I will lose my girl. Can't you advise me?

PUZZLED TED.

To "Ted" I say, send to your girl a subscription to THE LEATHERNECK. That has news from all the posts. I would also advise all my friends to do likewise—immediately, if not sooner.

I answer more letters below.

Au revoir,

MLLE. DJER-KISS.

Dear Mademoiselle:

I am in love with a Marine. How can I make him stick to me?

BILLIE.

BILLIE: Put some glue on your lipstick.

NEWLY WED: Remember, the first hundred biscuits are the hardest.

Dear Mlle. Djer-Kiss:

I was out on a wild party the other night and drank some gin. Did I do wrong?

JAZZ BABY.

JAZZ BABY: Don't you remember?

SALLIE: A good Salome costume can be made by tying two brass finger bowls together with a shoe string.

DON Q.: I quite agree with you. All these lights should be taken out of the parks and put where they are really needed.

MARRIAGE MILITAIRE

The best weddings in military life are always performed with a lot of pomp and ceremony, which has of late ceased to mean anything, and are only carried on because no one has thought of any better way of getting two otherwise sane folks spliced.

* * *

The groom appears with his best man all decked out in full-dress uniform and almost sober, and takes unto himself a blushing bride of forty summers who happens to be decked in white with a flowing veil.

* * *

After knot is tied, wife assumes responsibilities and commandeers husband's cheese-knife with which she carves wedding cake. As a general rule, if the cake has been prepared by a service baker, the sword is no longer serviceable after the carving operation has been performed. Swords were made to kill men, but their edges are easily turned on the catering efforts of a graduate of the C. & B. School.

* * *

Bride's health is then drunk by all hands present. The manual does not say what her health is drunk with, but it is safe to state that milk is usually imbibed in quite freely at weddings.

* * *

The ushers bare sabers and toss them aloft, while the bride and groom pass out to the waiting taxicab, which will convey them to the boat. Thence comes, as a delectable honeymoon for the groom, a stiff tour of duty in the tropics.

* * *

Tropical sun has its effect on friend wife; for she soon gets tropical housework complex and has to have a maid and other servants, whereupon hubby wishes he had never seen military wedding.

* * *

However, don't fail to get married whenever you get a chance, because it's the best way in the world to get a lot of useless household goods as presents. Average wedding in any station or clime will yield from four to twenty silver salt and pepper shakers and from five to ten cocktail mixers, not to mention numerous silver cake knives and wooden rolling pins.

* * *

No one ever has sense enough to give a can opener to a newly married couple, yet it is the most useful utensil in wife's equipment.

LEATHERNECK, JR.

Judge: What happened after he struck the first blow?

Comp.: He struck the third blow.

Judge: You mean a second blow.

Comp.: No, sir, I struck the second blow.—Recruiter.

It is better to have loved and lost than to get married and be bossed.—Recruiter.

Rolling stones gather no moss, of course, but rolling bones certainly gather greenbacks.

DRESS CAP



The Old Gent (meaning, of course, Leatherneck, Sr.) has been pretty lenient with me for the past month, and as a result I got kind of lazy and didn't put out any dope in the last issue. However, I enjoyed a good rest.



Therefore, you may construe this to mean that it is quite Dress Cap to go on a strike once in a while and rest up. However, I almost got shut out in the cold.



A lot of the boys are wearing rubber boots turned down to the ankle during the sloppy weather. This style has been dubbed "The Cavalier," and quite the hot stuff with a well-decorated slicker.



The Quantico Gang has a new basketball team called "The Goldbricks," and they are jolly well named. To bear out this statement, I will casually mention that "Bozo" Duncan is one of the members of this team. "Bozo" doesn't think work is the least bit Dress Cap.



The Marine Corps Institute has at last become "The Penpushers' Paradise." I thought that one up myself, so try and laugh it off.

Irving Berlin's latest song is dedicated to the Postal Telegraph Co. and is entitled "Aggravatin' Papa."

Leatherneck Jr.



JOSEPH SIMMONS WILKES DETACHMENT, SALT LAKE CITY

The Leathernecks from the Mormon stronghold are more than holding their own with the other detachments in the league; we have thirty-four paid-up members for the year 1926 and have made up our mind to get a hundred before the year is over. We Leathernecks here in Salt Lake City figure that is a good record when you stop and consider that the population of the entire state of Utah is only about 450,000, while some of the Eastern cities have twice that many.

I suppose the readers of our wonderful magazine, THE LEATHERNECK, have been reading accounts in their daily papers about the numerous accidents happening by dancing the Charleston, but Salt Lake City takes the record. Our commandant, "Bill Tooke," at our last dance at the New House Hotel, Thursday, February 4, 1926, while dancing that old-fashioned dance, the "John Paul Jones," fell and broke his right wrist and even the local papers commented on Bill getting hurt dancing the "John Paul Jones." Even after Bill realized that his wrist was broken he had the grit while under intense pain to give a little talk to our patrons and asked some of the ex-Marines present who were not members to "join" up with the league and I believe that Bill's little talk while suffering caused some of the boys to prick up their ears and I know that they will be in the fold in a short time.

Arrangements were made by this detachment whereby the Salt Lake Post No. 2, American Legion, Salt Lake City, also uses our club rooms on the sixth floor of the Tribune Building, the Legion spending several hundred dollars in redecorating our club rooms and they are beginning to look like the real thing. The legion has exclusive use of the rooms on Tuesday night of each week and the league on Thursday night of each week. However, the club rooms are open to members of both organizations all the time except when either organization is holding their meetings. Everything has been running along nicely without any friction and even though a couple "kill joys" thought it could not be done, we are sure it will work out in good shape and both organizations can work together and make our rooms the best in the United States.

At our dance on February 4, 1926, we had 150 couples attend. Even some of the old members (I mean in age and not in standing) were on the dance floor shaking a mean hoof and acting like young sheiks.

One of our former members of this detachment, James G. Woolley, who while in the Marine Corps held almost every rank from private to quartermaster ser-

geant, and who has been responsible for the great amount of newspaper publicity, has packed his trunks and left for Sunny California, where he will be connected with the Western Air Express as traffic director, with headquarters at Los Angeles, Cal. All his friends hate to see "Jim," who is a native of this city, leave, but, of course, we realize that these things are bound to happen and all members wish Jim all the luck in the world at his new job. Who knows but that our loss will be Los Angeles' gain, as he would be a good member for the league in Los Angeles.

FRANK R. BUSCH,
1st Sgt., USMC.,
Detachment Paymaster.

SPOKANE MARINES SPONSOR BALL FOR BELLEAU WOOD MEMORIAL

Plans for a big post-Lent affair were started last night at the regular meeting of the Spokane Detachment of the Marine Corps League in the Federal Building. A call for assistance from the Belleau Wood Memorial Association of the United States, in raising funds toward the preservation of the great battle ground in France, was read with great approval at this meeting.

A committee composed of Lloyd W. Nickerson, commandant of the league, chairman; Russell T. Bailey, junior vice-commandant; Maurice E. Bowler, senior vice-commandant; Capt. C. I. Murray, U. S. Marine Corps; Falke Fogelquist, Warren W. Greenberg, Robert Graham, Gordon Kennedy, Bernard J. Kearney and Felix Fritchie will have charge of the preliminary arrangements for this affair.

According to tentative plans we are now in favor of a band concert from 8 to 9 P. M., followed by dancing from 9 to 12 P. M. The affair will be held on the ninth of April, the first Friday evening following Easter. One of the large downtown halls will be procured for the occasion and the best orchestra obtainable will play for the dancing.

The Belleau Wood Memorial Association purchased Belleau Wood, France, for the purpose of retaining it as a memorial to the battlefield in which the American Marines took part during the World War. This wood was purchased from an individual owner in 1922. The dedication of Belleau Wood took place on July 22, 1923, as an American memorial to the American dead who are buried in France. The Belleau Wood Memorial Association is a chartered organization by an act of Congress. Mrs. John Carroll Frasier, of Washington, D. C., is its president and organizer. She, through her friends, subscribed enough money to

purchase the entire Belleau Wood, and on the 10th of November, 1925, presented this tract to the national organization, the U. S. Marine Corps League.

Belleau Wood is the only tract of foreign territory that is owned by any veteran organization in the United States, and is the only tract on foreign territory that has the permission of a foreign power to fly the American flag under U. S. rights.

The more complete details for the ball will be worked on as soon as arrangements can be made for a suitable hall and orchestra.

MANSFIELD, OHIO

The Richland Detachment, of Mansfield, is enjoying a healthy growth, evidenced by the fact that in four months it has grown from an idea in the head of one of the present officers to a live gang of twenty-one men, with an attendance of never below thirteen. At the last meeting fifteen men transacted business, swapped yarns, and washed down hot dogs with hot coffee. We are planning to give a dance some time during February to raise funds for banners and other necessary equipment. Bill Untiet, vice-commandant, has very kindly given us the use of his insurance office at 54 Park Avenue, West, for our meeting place. Negotiations are pending for the use of the G. A. R. Hall for the assembly of our organization in the future.

ERIE, PA.

The Col. Louis J. Magill Detachment is still fighting for a memorial hall. Backing up this detachment to the last man, the local camp of United Spanish War Veterans recently passed the following resolution:

"We offer our whole support, unreservedly, to our comrades of the other service organizations of Erie county in their fight to further the Memorial Hall project, and will, each and every one of us, do all that lies within our individual power, and, collectively, that the gallantry of Erie county's soldiers, sailors and marines may be fittingly commemorated in the shape of a convention hall."

The Elks' auditorium has been obtained temporarily for the installation of officers. Public ceremonies attending the occasion will be held on Saturday, February 20. Secretary George Lyle, of the Elks, is personally paying the rental on the hall for the evening, taking the action as a tribute to the late Colonel Magill, of whom he was a close friend.

Our detachment commander, Joe E. Rhea, is general chairman of the proceedings, and assisting him and in complete charge of the program is Sheriff

Tom Sterrett. Gen. Rufus R. Lane, who will give us a talk on the occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo by the U. S. Marines, will be the principal speaker, and Samuel L. Rothafel (Roxy of the Radio), and possibly Capt. Lawrence Stallings, author of "What Price Glory," will be guests.

MARINE HERO'S PORTRAIT FORWARDED TO DESTROYER

The gallant record of a war hero was recalled by Marine Corps officials when a portrait of Cpl. John Henry Pruitt was sent to a destroyer, named in his honor, which is now patrolling Asiatic waters.

Major General Lejeune, Commandant of the Marine Corps, has notified a gold star war mother, Mrs. Belle Pruitt, of Phoenix, Ariz., that the portrait of her son has been forwarded. The portrait, together with a record of the Marine's bravery, is intended for permanent display on the U. S. S. Pruitt.

Corporal Pruitt joined the Marine Corps at Phoenix when war was declared. He served with the Sixth Marines, and fought at Belleau Wood, where he was severely gassed. Later he fought at St. Mihiel and Blanc Mont. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously for conspicuous bravery at Blanc Mont, where, his citation states: "Corporal Pruitt, single handed, attacked two machine guns, capturing them and killing two of the enemy. He then captured forty prisoners in a dugout nearby. This gallant soldier was killed soon afterward by shell fire while he was sniping at the enemy."

The French Croix de Guerre and Italian Cross of Military Valor were also conferred upon Corporal Pruitt posthumously.

FIRST GERMAN NAVAL VESSEL TO TRANSIT CANAL

The German cruiser *Berlin*, having on board eighty German naval cadets on a training cruise, arrived at Cristobal, October 30, 1925, from Port-au-Prince, Haiti. After visiting points of interest on the Atlantic side and making official calls, the cadets crossed the Isthmus by special train on November 1, and were entertained by members of the German colony of Panama. The vessel passed through the Canal November 2 to Balboa and, after being joined by the cadets, cleared for Guayaquil.

This is the first visit to the Canal of a German naval vessel, though Argentinian, Australian, British, Chilean, French, Japanese, Peruvian, Uruguayan, and United States naval vessels have made the transit. The first naval vessel of any country to transit the Canal was the Peruvian destroyer *Teniente Rodriguez*, on August 18, 1914. The next military vessel was the United States Army transport *Buford*, on September 9, 1914.

A man rushed into an old furniture store. "What do you want?" asked the proprietor.

"Is this a second-hand store?" asked the man.

"Can't you see it's a second-hand store?"

"Well, I want a second hand for my watch."—Good Hardware.

WHAT d'ye KNOW

By TOM STERRETT

I know that away back in 1888 when a number of Erie citizens were queried by the *Erie Evening Herald* as to what this city's greatest need was, answered, almost unanimously, "a convention hall." Endless talk about a convention hall has been underway ever since. Many resolutions have been passed. Enough hot air, concerning the subject, has arisen heavenward to float to buoyancy 876,913 dirigibles of the Zeppelin type.

I know that a convention hall is still Erie's greatest need. This convention hall, in the shape of a memorial to the soldiers, sailors and marines, can be built in Erie if two successive grand juries recommend it, and the voters approve it at the next general election. The county commissioners are authorized, under the law, to erect this convention hall memorial at a cost not to exceed \$150,000, and may levy a tax up to 2 mills, or may float bonds to finance it. The February grand jury, while approving the convention hall memorial, refused to recommend it. The matter will be presented again to the May grand jury by the soldier organizations of Erie.

I know that in the forefront of the military organizations that will do battle to get the matter before the voters next fall is the Col. Louis J. Magill Detachment of the Marine Corps League. These boys, true to the Corps' slogan, "First to Fight," refuse to be downed by the action of the February grand jury. They'll keep on taking it before grand juries, until 1986, if no two in succession recommend it before that time. They have served notice that the convention hall memorial must be built. And Marines have a nasty habit of accomplishing that which they set out to do.

I know that Col. Louis J. Magill Detachment of the Marine Corps League is not a political organization, although, by special dispensation it may act politically, and as a unit, when its own ends are at stake. Thus, in effect, at the Lawrence Hotel banquet on Monday night, the Marine Corps leaguers served notice that they were against all who opposed the erection of a convention hall memorial. They will oppose them tooth and nail. They will fight to a finish. Every man present pledged himself to do just that. There are only forty-one actual votes represented in the Marine Corps League, Col. Louis J. Magill Detachment, but those forty-one votes will be thrown against any person running for office who opposes the erection of a convention hall memorial.

I know that forty-one votes doesn't sound like much. Nor is it much. But just watch the idea grow. Erie needs a convention hall worse than anything else. It can be built in the shape of a memorial to the soldiers, sailors and marines at an infinitesimal per capita cost. Ninety cents a head for the total population of Erie county. And Erie county has never done anything in the shape of a memorial to its soldiers, sailors and marines, unless you call that soldiers' and sailors' monument in West Perry Square public appreciation. That monument was erected after the Civil War, for the heroes of that great conflict. But there's nary a monument to the lads who went out in '98, or to those who fell overseas in our last great war. On the first day of next May, a monument will be unveiled to Lieut. Donald MacDonald, who lost his life while saving his ship from destruction. But that monument is being erected by funds secured through popular subscription.

I know that one of the greatest heroes of the Civil War came from Erie, yet there's nary a stone to mark him. At West Point they teach young officers that the good judgment and gallantry displayed by an Erie officer at the Little Round Top phase of the Gettysburg battle is something for them to study over and ponder on. That officer was Col. Strong Vincent. Lincoln made him a general, because of Little Round Top, but he died from wounds before the special messenger bearing the commission from the great war president arrived. There are scores of other Erie heroes, and that dinky monument in West Perry Square must serve for all of them. That's a fine, patriotic example we're setting the children of Erie.

I know that this is becoming a country that is governed by strong, organized minorities. The great anti-saloon movement that culminated in prohibition was started in a small, one-night-stand in Ohio, with less than forty-one votes represented by the Col. Louis J. Magill Detachment of the Marine Corps League. The way to get things done is to stick together. The Marines of the Col. Louis J. Magill Detachment are the first to give notice, in this territory, that they are acting as a political unit in their fight to bring about construction of a convention hall memorial to soldiers, sailors and marines. It will be most interesting to watch the outcome. For Marines are never happy unless they have a first-class fight on their hands. And they always win.

"Jennings has a remarkable imagination."

"What do you mean?"

"When he drinks near-beer he makes a wry face."—Notre Dame Juggler.

"Dear Dad, I am broke."

"So is your old man."

Did you hear about the Scotchman that killed his little boy for buying an all-day sucker at four in the afternoon?

Say, that cucumber sure has got itself into a fine pickle.—Pitt Panther.

MARINES AS DIPLOMATIC COURIERS

The Second Of A Series Of War Time Adventures

By SERGEANT THOMAS BAISDEN, USMC.

While stationed at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., on temporary detached duty from the Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va., I received telegraphic orders to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report at the Marine Barracks there for duty. I was rather disappointed at the time, as I was in hopes of being transferred to the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion for service overseas. After being in Washington for a short time, though, I was informed that I was bound overseas, anyway, for duty as a diplomatic courier, and that I would shortly leave for England.

Eight other noncommissioned officers of various grades joined the detachment, and, after being outfitted with civilian clothes and receiving a short talk from Major-General Barnett on "Esprit de Corps," we sailed from New York on the S. S. *New York*, October 28, 1917. Before leaving the United States we were told to keep our status a secret, and on the ship going over we caused much comment among the Army officers aboard, who could not understand what on earth nine husky fellows like us could be doing out of khaki.

Just before reaching the submarine, or danger, zone, one of the naval officers attached to the ship, in charge of the gun crews, passed through the saloon and asked some of the Army officers if they would be willing to stand a few watches. He said that there were only two naval officers available for this duty, which would be rather hard unless they could get a few more reliefs. Joe Driscoll, one of our gang, overheard him, and, calling him aside, asked if we could be of any assistance. The naval officer smiled nonchalantly and informed Driscoll that "this was entirely a military and naval affair" and that "civilians could not be used." Without giving our status away, Driscoll told him, confidentially, that we were Marines. He seemed delighted, and told Driscoll that it was the best news he had heard for a long time. He said he had great respect for the Marines, having seen how they perform their duties when he was serving aboard the U. S. S. *Connecticut*. He immediately assigned us to the guns, three men to each. These guns were not put to practical use on the way over, as we sighted no submarines; but the regularity of the duty helped to break up the monotony of the trip.

We were extremely fortunate, however, in not meeting up with any trouble, for as we entered the Mersey River we passed a tramp steamer that had had her whole stern blown off by a torpedo from a Hun submarine. This happened off the north coast of Ireland, about six hours before we passed there. The submarine had struck and sped away, satisfied with the damage done to the steamer.

Landing at Liverpool, England, on November 4, 1917, we took a train for London, where we arrived on the evening of November 5. Here everything looked much different from brilliantly lighted New York, as all the lights were dimmed

and all window shutters were closed as a precaution against air raids. One arriving from America could scarcely believe that this dark, dreary place was one of the greatest cities of the world. From the station we went directly to the Embassy to report for duty. Thence we were sent to the Belgrave Mansions Hotel, where rooms had been secured for us. This hotel was to be our temporary quarters and was just a short distance from the Embassy.

During the next month some of the gang started out on their trips. Franklin went out on his way to Jassy, Rumania, via Russia; O'Grady followed him in a week's time, and, finally, on December 5, I left London for Jassy myself. I had thirteen bags of mail, seven large bags and six small, sinkable ones. From London I went by rail to Aberdeen, Scotland, where I boarded a British Admiralty steamer, S. S. *Vulture*, a rattly, banged old tub that a one-pounder could have sunk, but she was very speedy.

We left Aberdeen after dark and arrived at Lerwick, in the Orkney Islands, before daylight the next morning. There we lay all day until dark, and then dashed across the North Sea to Bergen, Norway. There was no excitement en route. I left at the consulate in Bergen the lead bars from the sinkable bags, and went by rail to Oslo, a suburb of Christiania, arriving there about 11 o'clock the next night. I was met by a vice-consul, but it was too late to go to the legation; so, piling the bags on a sleigh, I climbed aboard. The consul fellow told me he would see me the next day, and directed the sleigh-driver where to take me.

Midst a steady jingle of sleigh bells, I sat wondering where we were bound for until we pulled up at a hotel called the Victoria. I didn't realize what I was up against here until I tried to tell them what I wanted. I used every language a Marine knows, including sign, but they couldn't seem to tune in. Finally someone arrived on the scene who spoke English, and I was allowed to clamber up with all the bags to a room. The next morning I carried the bags downstairs again, and, after getting a sleigh, loaded them on and went to the legation. There I met Colonel Breckinridge, U. S. M. C., Naval Attache, who greeted me with great cordiality.

After depositing the mail for Norway at the legation, I left for Stockholm the same evening. They made us change trains at the Norwegian-Swedish border, and I had just seated myself comfortably in the Swedish train, when the ticket-collector came along, and, after looking at my ticket, he fell into an oratorical spasm. Of course, I could not understand the reason for all the excitement, and so his words did not stop me from sitting serenely in my seat. He finally gave up his bellowing and thundering and left in despair. After a short time, however, he returned with an old lady, who told me, in broken English, that I was in the right train, but the wrong coach. I had to

change my bags into another coach, seriously disturbing the peacefulness of the other passengers, and also spoiling what I had intended to be a long night's rest.

On my arrival in Stockholm there was no one to meet me, and I had one great time trying to tell a hacker, whose conveyance was a wheelbarrow, where I wanted to go. I told him "American Legation" about fifty times, but these words would not get the balky conveyance into motion. I was nearly in despair when I spotted a French courier I had met on the *Vulture*, and asked him if he could tell my hacker where I wanted to go. He said something to the fellow in Swedish, winding up with "Americansk Legarshon." This slight difference in enunciation seemed to produce a magical effect, and away we went.

At the legation I was told that O'Grady, on his way back from Petrograd, had left for London the night before. He had not gone to Jassy, as he had to escort Mrs. Butler Wright, the wife of the Counsellor of the Embassy at Petrograd, out through Finland to Stockholm and thence to England. I was much disappointed in missing O'Grady by such a short interval, for he could have told me much about the journey to Petrograd. I did meet a King's messenger, however, at the Stockholm Legation, who gave me a terrible shock when he informed me that he had received instructions not to go to Petrograd, as it was too risky. This served to make me feel interested when, on December 13, 1917, I left for Petrograd by way of Haparanda, Sweden, and Tornea, Finland.

We stopped for an hour at a place named Krylbo, where I managed to put away a good meal. At Stockholm food-stuffs had been scarce, but here there was plenty. At the restaurant I entered everybody comes in, grabs a knife, fork, spoon, cup, and plate; and then digs into the food, which is piled up on a large table. All customers eat as much as possible because three kroner (about 75 cents) must be paid before they can get out of the door, which is guarded by a man who collects up the receipts as the patrons leave. When I left I had a good 75 cents' worth with me.

The train soon left, and it was on this trip along the Gulf of Bothnia that I experienced the first of real cold weather. Snow, snow, snow everywhere; eight to ten feet deep. And cold? I thanked God and Uncle Sam for the old fur coat. I even began to wish that I were a furbearing animal, or a heavily-whiskered Russian—these fellows surely look warm in their adornment of natural "fur."

We arrived at Haparanda on December 15, and after passing through the Swedish customs, I went by sleigh across the Muonio River, at the northern end of the Gulf of Bothnia, to the Finnish border. I was told when I left Stockholm that I would be met by Captain Klieforth, a United States National Army officer, at Tornea; but found on arrival at that place that he had left for Stockholm the

night before. I certainly had another sweet time making myself understood. I happened to meet a young Russian officer (old regime) who spoke some English, and he helped me out. With his assistance I was able to get the required visa from the Bolo officials.

As the train did not leave for a few hours, I was able to rustle up some food. This I got in the railway station. It consisted of some jerked reindeer meat, with a slab of black bread, and some *chai* (tea). There were numerous Russian soldiers standing about, each with a look on his face which gave the impression that the affairs of the whole empire rested on him alone. I had a very long wait here, as the train left four hours late. When I went aboard, however, I got a coupe all to myself. This was very pleasing, as the company of any of the "Russkies" was not exactly desirable, their presence forcibly reminding me of the fertilizer factory at Cherry Hill, Va.

After a rather tedious journey, I reached Bielostov, on the Russian-Finnish border, where everybody had to get off the train for further passport inspection. We had to sit around a cold, dismal station for about three hours, waiting the arrival of a newly-appointed, self-important Bolshevik officer, who, after much stalling, signed the passports and allowed us to proceed. I finally arrived at Finlandia Station, Petrograd, at 10:45 on the morning of December 17; and here it was the same old story—no one to meet me. So I had still another grand time making myself understood.

In front of the station were a number of sleighs, and, calling one over, I piled the sacks of mail in it and then got on top of the sacks. This caused an uproar among the long-whiskered drivers of the other sleighs, and from the drift of things I got the impression that I should have divided the mail sacks among the lot of them. This, of course, could not be done, since I had to be with the sacks. I then told my particular Santa Claus to drive me to the American Embassy. Oh, boys! What a joke! I might just as well have said "blub-blub!" for all the good it did. In about ten seconds there was a gathering of the Russian clan, who proceeded to hold a council of war. In about a half hour one of the lads got a clue. He had been studying the mail sacks for some time, and suddenly yelled out something like "Kurishaw!" Then he began to jabber away to my special bunch of whiskers. The whiskers parted, and the sound "Da-da" came forth, and away we went.

After about an hour's ride we pulled up in front of a magnificent building, and the first thing I saw was the British coat-of-arms and flag. Of course, I knew we were wrong. I went to the door and found that the doorman spoke some English, and after a talk with my sleigh-driver, the doorman told me that the "Russkie" who had told my driver to bring me to this place had once brought someone there who had bags like mine. It must have been a King's messenger. Well, anyway, the doorman told "Whiskers" the address of the American Embassy, and off we started again, this time finding the right place. I want to say right here that the Stars and Stripes never looked better to me than when I saw them flying over this embassy building. I was greeted by the embassy mail-room staff, who kidded me along by telling me that the first thing for me to do

was to make out my will, as I would leave for Jassy in a day or two. They told me that Franklin had left Jassy seven days previous to then, and that nothing had been heard from him yet.

Everything in Petrograd was in a terrible mess, and I had one sweet time finding a place to stop. I was first directed to the home of a Russian lieutenant (he was attached to the Military Mission), who said that he could accommodate me there. I believe his wife did not like my looks; for, after they had been to the mat for a few minutes, he told me that he did not think his humble dwelling was good enough for me, and then he took me to a hotel called the Astoria.

This hotel had belonged to a German concern before the war, but was later taken over by the Russians. It was a beautiful place, with nice large rooms; but the food was terrible. There was no English spoken here, and the menu was written in Russian; so, when ordering my first dish, I just placed my finger on the card, opposite what I thought might be a wholesome slice of steak or a couple of chops. Instead, the waiter brought me out a dish of soup! I was hesitant about ordering further, and went back to the embassy to get a few good dishes written out for me. They had given me the address so that I could find it again; it sounded something like "Americanski Posolstvo, Treitzat Chateri, Futstatskaya Ulitsa," which meant American Embassy, 34 Futstatskaya street. Thither I went to get a translation of the menu. There was a fine bunch of fellows attached to the embassy staff, and they had some wonderful tales to tell of the revolution.

Franklin blew in the day following my arrival in Petrograd, and as he could not get a place to stay, I smuggled him into my room at the Astoria, where he slept on the sofa. He gave me much advice about my contemplated trip to Jassy, and also took me out to purchase for the trip a teapot, some tea, and a knife and fork. No food was available, so I had to trust to luck that I could rustle some on my journey. Franklin said that it might be possible for me to do this. After hearing all Franklin had to say about his recently completed trip, I gave him my pay check to take back to England with him, as it didn't look as though it would ever do me any good.

On December 21, 1917, I left for Jassy. I was accompanied to the station by a young Russian lad employed by the embassy, who was supposed to act as interpreter. His knowledge of the English language was about on a par with my knowledge of Russian (I knew ten words), but he was of material assistance when it came time for boarding the train. The waiting mob was in a belligerent mood, and it took a mighty effort on my part to get a foothold on the train. I finally got into a coupe that was supposed to hold six persons, and, parking the bags in an upper berth, I climbed up with them.

After thanking and dismissing the lad, I took stock of my fellow-passengers, who by this time had increased to ten. I found that they were all Russians, that two of them had corralled the berth across from me, and that the other eight were seated, four on each side, on the seats below. The corridors were packed full of soldiers, and there was no way of getting out of the coupe except by the

windows. These windows were double affairs and were screwed down, so that it was impossible to raise them. Besides, the passengers inside had even wedged the door, so that no more could get in. Soon I began to feel like one of a can of sardines all ready for sale across some grocery counter.

When we reached a station where there was a hot-water tank, one of the Russians in the coupe broke out the window and, after being lowered to the ground, took our "chai-pots" and filled them with hot water. Into this we put a pinch of tea. No one had any milk, and I was the only one who had sugar. I gave the gang some of mine, which was lump sugar, and they put a small piece in their mouths, the sugar sweetening the tea as it passed by. There was nothing to eat at this place, so, after making our tea, we proceeded on.

As the window was now useless, we had to place a blanket over the aperture to keep out the cold. It served this purpose all right, but, oh! what a delectable aroma existed in the coupe after a short space of time! At a railway station further along the line, however, the window was again opened and I was able to purchase a few flat cakes made of potatoes; also a chunk of bologna. My gosh, it was great! Dirty, greasy, vermin-infected women sold this stuff, and they were not at all backward in the way they manhandled it. Still, we could eat it or starve. Because of the mail bags, I could not go to sleep; but as the racket caused by the interminable chatter of the Russians in the coupe and corridor and the pounding of the feet of those parked on the roof was terrible, I could not sleep, even though it had been permissible.

We reached Kiev at 11:30 on the morning of December 22, and, acting on instructions I had received previous to my leaving Petrograd, I went to the British consul's house. The British consul took me out and introduced me to a decent meal and then gave me directions to find an American Y. M. C. A. worker, Mr. Heald. This gentleman was pleased to meet me, as Americans were few and far between in this corner of the globe. I stayed at his house for tea, and then was escorted to a Y. M. C. A. warehouse, where I met another old friend of mine—a Helen Gould cot. I made my home at this warehouse until I left for Jassy. The twenty-third and twenty-fourth of December were spent in trying to get from the commissar of the district the necessary permit to ride on the train. I had to hire an interpreter to make my wants known, and was almost as bad off as I was before I hired him. He could speak about thirty words of English, though, and as I had acquired a few Russian words myself by this time, we made rapid headway. I received the permit on Christmas Eve.

Accompanied by the interpreter, I arrived at the station at five o'clock Christmas morning to board a train for Jassy. One could smell said station about three blocks away. It was packed with Russian soldiers who were then deserting the Austrian front. They were milling about with no place to go, and going there. Getting on the train was like hitting the line in a football game. The interpreter and I tied the mail bags together and slung them around our necks,

(Continued on Page 25)

**"Peggy's Caught Cold"**

"Well, no wonder! Look at the narrow garters she wears."—*Life*.

Nationalism

There was a young lady of Buda,
Whose father was born in Bermuda:
Her mother, though black,
Was a Czecho-Slovak
And by marriage a daughter of Judah.
—*G. K.'s Weekly (London)*.

To err is human; to forgive, masculine.
Life.

All the World's a Fake
Imitation Pearls.
Marked Cards.
Loaded Dice.
Modern Antiques.
Bootleg Liquor.
Spurious Masterpieces.
False Hearts.

—*Life*.

BELLA: Have you ever met the only man you could be happy with?

DELLA: Oh, lots of them!

—*Life*.

"What's your name?"

"Jones."

"How d'ya spell it?"

—*Red Cat*.

He has been around lots, but they were all cow lots.—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket*.

HUSBAND: That man is the ugliest person I ever saw.

WIFE: Not so loud, dear. You're forgetting yourself.—*Pitt Panther*.

There was a young maiden named Flo,
Whom a fellow took out to a show;

He thought she was fast,
Now his flag's at half-mast,
For sitting behind was—her beau!

—*Goblin*.

HENRY: Did you build a garage for your flivver?

FORD: Yes, I had to. Caught a couple of ants trying to drag it through a crack under the sidewalk.—*Denison Flamingo*.

"Do you know, Irma, I could go on dancing like this forever."

"Why, Archie! Don't you ever wish to improve?"—*Red Cat*.

Our ideal of the absent-minded prof is the one who walked into the room, put his cane in bed and went and stood in the corner; tied his spaghetti and ate his shoe strings; washed his hands, threw the water in bed and jumped out of the window.—*TEXAS RANGER*.

Two pints make one quart. One quart makes one wild.—*COLLEGE HUMOR*.

"What have you in knickers?"

"My wife."—*PENN. STATE FROTH*.

"I know a fellow who can't see his hand in front of his face."

"Yeah, I know, he's blind, isn't he?"

"No, he hasn't any arms."—*NOTRE DAME JUGGLER*.

Said one of the Gold Dust Twins:
"Here's our chance to make a cleaning!"

"Nothing doing!" replied the other,
"Lux against us."—*University of Utah Y News*.

Customer: Will these shoes wear long?
Dealer: Wear long? Why, sir, nobody has ever yet come back for a second pair!
—*Progressive Grocer*.

"Yes, sir, I say that the crime wave has reached great heights."

"How come?"

"Why, only yesterday an apartment on the eleventh floor was robbed."—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*.

"Does he know many women? Why, the twentieth name on his telephone list is Alice Adams."—*U. of Wash. Columns*.

SHE: Are you sure you took the best road?

HE: Somebody sure did. Awful thing they left in its place, too.—*TEXAS RANGER*.

Not every caveman is a miner.—*RED CAT*.

"My wife drives me to drink!"

"You're lucky, brother. Most of us have to fight for it."—*CALIFORNIA PELICAN*.

"Did your ancestors come over on the Mayflower?"

"No, they had a luncheon engagement with the King, so they could not get away."—*Red Cat*.

Our landlady is so stingy that she heats our knives so we can't use so much butter.—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket*.

"She's a third rail."

"Third rail?"

"Yes, she can't be touched."—*Red Cat*.

DAN: Give me those keys!

LOU: What keys?

DAN: Those whiskies!

—*Texas Ranger*.

Remember?

The good old days when

He

Came over to help

Her

With her lessons?

And they both studied?

—*Illinois Siren*.

CUSTOMER (to girl pounding piano in Woolworth's): Would you mind playing *Some Time*?

GIRL: What d'ya think I'm doin', big boy? Sleepin'?—*Red Cat*.

"How did you get that bump on your head?"

"Oh, that's where a thought struck me."—*Annapolis Log*.

FLAPPER (soliciting funds): Please help the Working Girls' Home.

FRESHMAN: I'd be glad to. How far away do they live?—*Wesleyan Wasp*.

WARDEN: I understand you have a complaint to make about our prison.

CONVICT: Yeah, it's de rocks.—*CALIFORNIA PELICAN*.

CURIOUS OLD LADY (to one-armed man getting off train): I notice you have lost your arm, young man.

YOUNG MAN: So I have—how strange.

—*Texas Ranger*.

"I think that that 'th dithguthing," thaid Maybel ath the thaw the boyth thooting dithe on the thoroughfare on Thunday.—*Scarlet Saint*.

"Just think, John, we don't have to pull down the shades; we're married now."—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket*.

"Some lips are made to kiss."

"And some are made over afterwards."

—*U. of Wash. Columns*.

HE: You told me there was no fool in your family.
SHE: That was before we were married.

"Doctor, I want you to cure my deafness."
"Are you married?"
"Yes."
"Why do you want to be cured?"

WIFE: Bill, where's your luggage?
BILL: I lost it.
WIFE: Lost it?
BILL: Yes, the cork blew out.



A Scotchman gave a waiter a tip. The horse lost.—*Columbia Jester.*

HE: Can you Charleston?
SHE: No, but I can Philadelphia!
HE: Meaning what?
SHE: I'm a good little Quaker.
—*V. M. I. Sniper.*

"Have you much room in your new flat?"

"Mercy, no! My kitchen and dining room are so small, I have to use condensed milk."—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

SIMPLE: What kind of a fellow is Jack?

TON: Well, when he gets in a taxi, they leave the "vacant" sign up.—*Pitt Panther.*

A powdered nose is no sign of a clean neck.—*Iowa Frivol.*

PETE: What is your profession?
REPEAT: Traveling salesman.
PETE: Is that so?

REPEAT: Yes, I'm a rum-runner!
—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

HAM: D'ya hear about the big explosion down at the postoffice?

ANDEGGS: No; which was how?

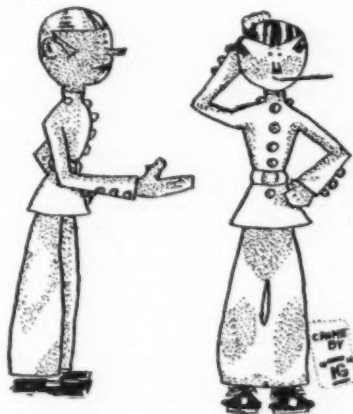
HAM: A sack of letters went off.
—*Cornell Widow.*



A lover takes his kisses. A husband has to earn his.



"Where did you get that bum cigar you wished on me?"
"That was a two-for-a-quarter cigar."
"Who got the twenty-cent one?"—*Iowa Frivol.*



A. B.: Do you know why Scotchmen don't wear rubbers?

C. D.: No, why?

A. B.: Because they give a little.

—*U. of Wash. Columns.*

"Song Titles"

"I call my girl 'aspirin,' because she knocks me cold."

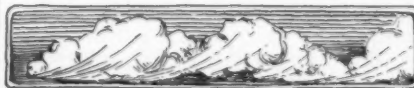
"I'm going back to my moonshine girl, 'cause I love her still."

"I used to shower presents on my wife, but it ain't gonna rain no 'mo'."

Thought for Your Sunday Dinner

A knife in the mouth is worth two in the back.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

When the royal doctors find the little prince all covered with red speckles, do you suppose the diagnosis reads "Chicken pox a la king?"—*U. of Wash. Columns.*



"Come across now. Where did you put them diamonds?"

"I shoved 'em back, sir."

"Back where?"

"Back with the rest of the deck."

—*Pitt Panther.*

"Say, did you see her flush?"

"Embarrassed?"

"No, all spades."

—*California Pelican.*

ROTTER: Does his hooch come up to standard?

SOTTER: Well, it comes up.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

Babe in Arms

INQUISITIVE SUITOR: Johnnie, why do you call your sister "Babe?"

INQUISITIVE BROTHER: Well, ev'ry time I look in the parlor she's in somebody's arms an' talkin' like a baby.—*Pitt Panther.*

Educational Film

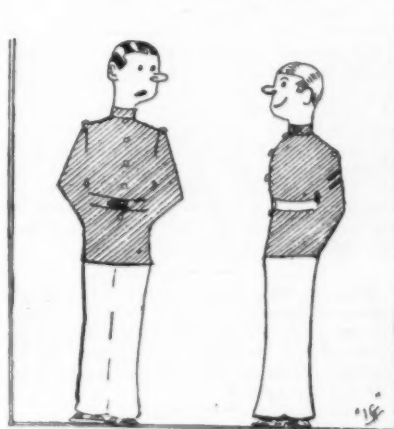
JULIUS: I think those slow-motion pictures are tiresome.

CAESAR: This isn't a slow-motion picture. This is a view of a plumber working at top speed.—*Life.*

JACK: I see you have a stiff finger. What seems to be wrong with it?

JILL: I can't bend it.

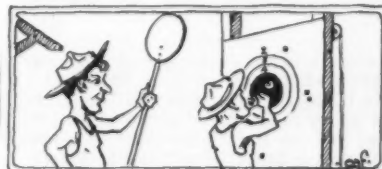
—*Oregon Orange Owl.*



RECRUIT: Corporal, the C. O. is deceitful.

CORPORAL: Why do you say so?

RECRUIT: Yesterday when I was up before him for A. O. L. he pretended to believe what I said when he knew I was lying.





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AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Impressive memorial exercises were recently held at Corona, L. I., for William Moore, one of our boys who, at the age of seventeen, was killed in France. It was William's birthday, and the services, attended by his parents and fifteen War Mothers, were held in Public School No. 14. To keep his memory alive in the years to come, there was presented to the school a picture entitled "He Gave His All to His Country."

When in New York recently I met Capt. Harry Hollander, of the Marine Corps Reserve. He is enthused over the prospects of the Reserve, and speaks in the highest terms of its splendid opportunities for the future.

Colonel Bearss (Hiking Hiram) was in his element when I saw him at the Federal Reserve Bank, New York, where he is now in command of the Federal Reserve Bank Guard. Never since his retirement from active service has the Colonel been happier than today, surrounded as he is by eighty splendid guards, more than forty of whom carry excellent discharges from the Marine Corps.

The magnificent gathering of Marines at the presentation of the Robert L. Meade Detachment's charter in Brooklyn was a proud moment for Sergeant-Major Thorp. To be the toastmaster at such a time was a great honor; to be able to introduce such guests as Admiral Plun-

ket, and to receive from Major-General Lejeune the charter for the largest League detachment yet formed was an even greater privilege.

The event just mentioned above was broadcasted, and at one point of the ceremonies the Sergeant-Major blew his whistle for order; and I learn from an authoritative source that one family left the radio and rushed to the window to ascertain what was the trouble. They thought it was a "cop" calling for assistance.

I oftentimes feel sorry for a fellow who has to make a big effort to write his signature, and when I saw the marker at the Receiving Barracks on Parris Island trying, without success, to get in all the letters of a name on a recruit's under-clothing issue, I could not help but wonder if C. A. Littschwager would not sometimes want to shorten his in some way. He would, at any rate, require unlimited perseverance if much signing of his name were required.

Parris Island's list of quartermaster sergeants contains quite a number of first-class men with whom it is almost an education to rub shoulders. Van Horn has just returned from nine months in Cuba, and has put in a fine sixteen years in the Corps. W. A. Kennedy, of the old Eighteenth, has a record of thirteen years. H. B. Baldwin, with twenty years, was also recently in Cuba, and is now transportation expert. Brooks is the Port Royal dockmaster, and is proud of eight years, while the following list contains men who can be depended upon to the limit in the jobs they hold: H. L. Linstrom, billing clerk; Ed F. Parker, once a school teacher, now in charge of store-rooms; Dorsey D. Pierce and R. E. Had-dock take care of post property; H. J. Theron is responsible for matters of purchasing and finance; M. J. Wejta looks after the issue of clothing; George J. Hyland, chief machinist, with A. H. Goodman as his assistant; Andrew Leepa is the post butcher; John Murphy looks after the incinerator; T. J. Burns is the "cop," and William Schaefer is master of the tug "Otto."

Sergt.-Major L. H. Alexander comes out of Troy, Pa., and has the unique distinction of having been made a sergeant-major nine months after entering the service. He is now the post sergeant-major at Parris Island and president of the non-commissioned officers' club. Sergeant-Major Swift is at the training station, and Sergt.-Major Charles E. Grey, of Boston, with twenty-four years of good service, is at the main station. First Sergt. William M. Fritsche is at the main station, also; First Sergt. W. E. Safley at the Cooks' and Bakers' School, and First Sergt. S. W. Noble with the Service Company. These men have thirty-five years of good service to their credit.

"A guard of the very best and equal to, if not the superior of, any Marine guard in the service." Such was an officer's description of the splendid body of men under the command of Captain Thomason, of the U. S. S. *Rochester*. There have been a few changes in personnel lately, but this has not affected in any way the fine testimony above expressed.

First Sergt. William Harriman has vacated in favor of Harvey S. Newgarde, recently at Iona Island. Harriman is one of the famous brothers known in the Marine Corps as "Ham" and "Beef." Both are first sergeants, and rejoice in eleven and ten years of service. Charles, who is at the post headquarters in Quantico, was a butcher and nicknamed "Beef"; so to better distinguish the two brothers, Bill was designated "Ham." So accustomed have they now become to it that even their own letters begin and end with the names thus given. Recently I saw one which commenced "My dear Ham," and concluded "Yours, Beef."

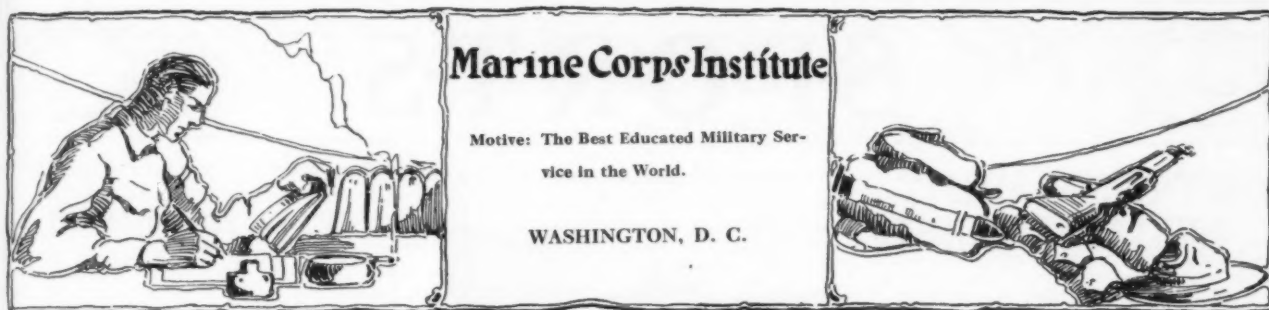
Gunnery Sergt. "Dick" Lewis Miller has recently come aboard, relieving Thomas Murphy, while Sergt. R. L. Young, fresh from recruiting, has also taken his last fond look at snowy side-walks for a tour of sea duty. Chaplain Stone has the happy knack of winning the confidence of the men aboard ship, and both sailors and Marines of the *Rochester* are not above letting it be known that they are also a church-going crowd, the services being well attended.

The snows of the past week have made places like Iona Island almost like fairyland in appearance; but in such nooks sentry and guard duty becomes a cold and difficult task. Nevertheless, I found the men of this post in excellent health and spirits. Capt. Dudley S. Brown, the commanding officer, comes of a military stock and follows in the footsteps of his father, the late Col. George Leroy Brown, in being able to manage men by seeking to understand and know those who serve under him. The Colonel before his retirement from the service was a popular leader of the old 26th Infantry Regiment, which during the World War became so unseparably connected with the Marines as a part of the Second Division.

Bernard J. Kurtz, late of the Third Battalion of the Fifth in Quantico, is now first sergeant. Kurtz has a fine ten-year record, and believes the Marine Corps is second to none of the services. He is of the sort of men I like to designate as "worthwhile Marines."

Louis Bouchet, the police sergeant, has been on the Island for two and a half years. Bouchet during the war was an infantry lieutenant from 1915 to 1919 in the French Army, serving in the Fifth and Ninth Brigades. Twice wounded, he received the Croix de Guerre, with one silver and two bronze stars. He was captured in 1918, and for several months was a prisoner in Giessen; in fact, the group of which he formed a part did not know of the Armistice until November 17, on which day they were released.

The men of the post are fortunate in having Sergt. James L. Duffy as mess sergeant, and Clarence J. Kuntz as cook, both of whom know their work and do it to the satisfaction of all concerned. Dana T. Huston is sergeant of the guard, while in the post exchange Cpl. Meyer Mendelsohn (sounds quite musical, doesn't it?) does good service. Cpl. William H. Crator, looking as is usual after ten years in the Corps, is apparently fit for duty anywhere and anxious to make the best of whatever is placed in his charge.



February 15, 1926—Semi-Monthly Report.

Total number individuals enrolled.....	7736
Total number enrolled since last report.....	317
Total number disenrolled since last report.....	162
Number examination papers received during period.....	2405
Number examination papers received during year.....	7886
Total number graduates to date.....	2729

Written especially for THE LEATHERNECK for the purpose of encouraging Marines to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Marine Corps Institute

A well kept rifle will outlast one that is suffered to rust. In this respect a mechanism resembles the human mind. It too requires care if it is to work well and long. Without upkeep in the form of continuous training, exercise, and right use, it will fall short of the highest development and will deteriorate prematurely. It would be folly to run an aeroplane indefinitely without attention to its condition. Why, then, should a man expect his mind to serve him well throughout all the stages of life if he puts forth no effort to improve it? It may have been an Irishman who first observed that in the domain of the intellect one cannot stand still without slipping back.

Men of signal achievements are never satisfied with their education. However well trained originally, they know that they must continually re-educate themselves in order to cope with changing conditions. We must go on learning--and learning not merely in old fields but also in new ones. For it is the part of wisdom to take up from time to time fresh subjects of study. They will bring into play new modes of thought and result in new powers. To advance mentally is the surest way to serve oneself and one's Country.

PROFESSOR LEON J. RICHARDSON,

Director Extension Division, University of California.

The Marine Corps Institute offers you a selection of 248 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE.....COURSE.

Rank

Name

Organization

Place



S-P-O-R-T-S



CORPS' PRESENT ATHLETIC POLICY TO BE CONTINUED

New Additions

The athletic policy of the United States Marine Corps for 1925, having been so extremely successful in its every phase, is to be continued, with a great many added features, for the coming year. Such was the decision of the Athletic Council at a recent meeting of this board at headquarters.

One of the outstanding features of this year's policy will be the mutual effort of every post in selecting and sending its best athletes to the Marine Corps football and baseball teams, which will consist of the concentrated material. This undoubtedly will bear very heavily on smaller posts, which will be forced to deprive themselves of their leading athletes in these sports, but it is felt that their unselfish motives will be rewarded when it is remembered that the Corps, as a whole, must be served. It has been proven that the athletic training in the two major sports—baseball and football—as existing among the officers and men who constitute the personnel of these teams is extremely profitable to the Corps, because as they now become ineligible and are distributed back to posts, their training will be a great asset in preparing future material for the Corps' teams.

Another added phase which takes on great proportions is the immediate attention which will be given to the instructing of Marines in swimming and life-saving, especially for those who are due for sea duty in the near future. At such posts as Norfolk, Parris Island and San Diego competent swimming instructors will be stationed to superintend the tutoring. In this way it is thought that all Marines will be doubly useful aboard ship, as well as affording them personal safety.

It will be interesting to our rabid football followers to know that it has been planned to have a Marine band, preferably the Fifth Regiment Band, accompany the Marine Corps football team on its trips.

The Corps' grid stars will assemble at Portsmouth, N. H., next early fall for further movement to Durham, N. H., where they will go under a strenuous training program to prepare them for the heavy schedule of games to be played in 1926.

Definite arrangements have been made so that the stadium at Catholic University, Washington, D. C., will be used for all home games played in the football season. The President's Cup game will be played there this year. The playing ground of this stadium is far superior to that of any other stadium near or around Washington, with a seating capacity of over 24,000 people. It also provides excellent facilities for remaining in parked cars to witness the game, and is within a few hundred yards of the railway sta-

SERGEANT NICKOLAS SOON TO RETIRE



With over twenty-seven years of consistent service under his belt (which is a large one), Sergeant Nickolas, famous figure in all Marine sporting circles, looks forward to three more pleasant years of active and helpful work as ground and property keeper with the Marine football and baseball squads at Quantico, Va.

The above photograph shows Nickolas and his ever-present companion, Sergeant Jiggs. Well may they be termed "the two growlers," for as Stock and Duncan say: "For a growl, see Nickolas." The athletic officers at Quantico, on the other hand, state that for a perfect baseball diamond or football grid, "leave it to Nickolas." Nickolas himself says that "after them Marines get through with a football field it looks worse than the hill at Santiago I chased them spigots over."

tion, which makes things easier for our Quantico fans.

In order to finance the pretentious Marine Corps athletic program planned for the coming year, it has been recommended that every regularly organized unit in the Marine Corps be assessed at the rate of fifty cents a man per month, which sum is to be turned over to the Marine Corps Athletic Fund. Officers have been recommended to be assessed at least one dollar each. Both of these assessments will be paid in regular monthly installments through the post exchange of that command, beginning July 1, 1926. Marine detachments aboard ship will be given an opportunity to subscribe voluntarily to this fund at the same time.

PICK-UPS FROM QUANTICO

By W. S. FELLERS

Quantico, a city in itself, comes forth with probably the largest athletic organization of its kind in the service.

What post of Marines here, there, or anywhere can boast of a sixteen-team basketball organization? What post can boast of six bowling teams, playing on twelve alleys?

What post can boast of a boxing school consisting now of about one hundred men undergoing instructions in the manly art of scrambled ears? Marines who come here, Marines who leave, realize that "big things" are done.

The athletic and morale section supervises and arranges the schedules of all these various athletic activities. They work more or less silently, but the "morale" of the men is very high.

Quantico is big, and amusements must be arranged accordingly to take care of a large population. At present basketball predominates, playing being between two leagues of eight teams each. A perfect system has been worked out whereby four games are played daily, beginning after 3:45 P. M. and finishing at 5:30 P. M. Umpires, referees and timekeepers are working on a schedule; there is no waiting. In "A" League there is an abundance of good material. In "B" League stars are likewise shining. It is our big sport here, packing the gymnasium daily with enthusiastic crowds urging on their teams to action. And, although the going gets rough occasionally, the teams fight hard but play clean. We select our own officials, who are past masters at the game them themselves and know their jobs. Consequently there is little wrangling.

At present the Naval Hospital team is leading "A" League, being closely trailed by the Signal Battalion and Aviation teams. It is almost a four-cornered affair. Anti-Aircraft is coming along rapidly and seems being capable of taking the measure of any of the leaders in that league. Then in "B" League the Barracks Detachment, led by Lieutenant Gladden and composed of such football talent as Jim Crowe, Bozo Duncan, Dunham and DeRoo, and others of big team fame, make up the nucleus of this fast playing quintet. This team has so far won ten games and not met with defeat—as yet. But there are good teams in "B" League who are coming along and will very likely take the Barracks down. Basketball is a great game, developing some great players, and is instructive from a military point of view in the fact that the men are learning the value of team work. If they do it in athletics they can be depended upon to carry a trench, take a strong point or destroy an enemy machine gun nest when called upon to do so. After all, athletics as we do it in

the service, brings out the co-operative spirit which goes to make up team organization in campaigning against a common enemy. So much for basketball.

BOXING

Quantico has been accused of being asleep, but her accusers should come down and look on this outfit in training. They are an earnest bunch, and naturally want to fight.

Capt. Lewis Gover, USMC., an old fighter himself, is in charge. Jim Hill, well known old timer, is assisting, and believe me (looking on), we will eventually develop another Tunney or Stone. They were developed and they came on slowly. Bouts are staged every two weeks, and every man available in the post turns out, displaying that they all like the fight game. Some of the most promising candidates now appearing on the rosin floor at Quantico are: William Jones, "Jim" E. Hill, Samuel Brownstine, H. E. Sweetney and V. A. McNie.

BOWLING

There are any number of good bowlers in camp, with much competition now, particularly in the First regiment and in the Tenth Artillery areas. The two sets of alleys in these districts are occupied continuously between working hours and the duck and ten pins are being knocked about considerably. The Quantico team met the Fort Humphreys bowlers here and were defeated, but not without putting up a hard tussle, which afforded keen competition. We play them a return match next week and we are out for blood.

THE STADIUM

Next spring or summer we will hold a big inter-post field meet. The plans for track, tennis courts, volley and hand ball courts are now in the hands of the engineers. There is a world of good material here and its dormancy will be awakened at the first call for track and field candidates. Our commanding officer, General Cole, is an enthusiast in post athletic activities. It makes for good morale and as I said before, enables the spirit of close co-operation.

BASEBALL

Practically the same organization of leagues as in basketball will hold out—sixteen teams.

The All-Marines will be here for a month in May. They leave for Parris Island and then Pensacola for a training trip, then will campaign northward meeting good first-class college teams and service nines on their way home (Quantico).

I've said enough this time, but watch for the "Pick-Up" column in THE LEATHERNECK each month!

SPORTS EDITOR'S NOTE:

Lieut. W. S. Fellers, one of the best known athletic officers in the Corps, has very kindly agreed to write an article for our readers on "The Value of Athletic Training to the Marine."

Watch for this feature in an early issue.

"Life!" cried the judge.
"Hooray!" cried the prisoner. "The Bars and Stripes forever!"

SHORTS on SPORTS

By ED HAGENAH, Sports Editor

MY DEAR SPORTS EDITOR:

I suppose readers of THE LEATHERNECK are becoming accustomed to my "Hurray for Parris Island" stuff, so I'm going to take advantage of an invitation and give 'em some more.

In your "Shorts On Sports" you answered some worthy inquiry concerning the most renowned football players in the Corps. The question was a good one, but the answer was (chorus from P. I.) emphatically terrible!

We fans all recognize Geottge, McQuade and some others for the outstanding stars that they undoubtedly are. Your selections were O. K., but the list was terribly incomplete.

How about Smith, McCracken, Wetja, Levey, etc.? You people have never seen these aces in action, or you would most certainly put them in your list of "renowned." Any one of them could give the All-Marine players in their respective positions a lot to worry about, you may believe your little correspondent.

About the oldtimer who asked for information regarding the game of lacrosse. You really should read about it.

There's a game! I can't go into it technically, but I do know that this old Indian game requires of its players greater endurance, speed and all-around ability than does probably any other game in this class. My alma mater, Syracuse University, held the championship of the world until the game became popular enough to warrant dividing the country into divisions, when they won and held their championship in their division. Their greatest victories were accomplished during my days at school, so I know whereof I speak regarding the greatness of this game. In my last year Annapolis tied Syracuse in the first game that the latter failed to win in this country, including games with combinations of Oxford and Cambridge.

It would be a great game in the Marine Corps.

Spalding's Lacrosse Guide contains a good history of the game.

Parris Island has two great lacrosse players—Lieut. E. E. "Swede" Larson, football and basketball coach, and Lieut. George F. Good, Jr. Both played varsity lacrosse at the Academy.

HURRAY FOR PARRIS ISLAND!

Sincerely,

JEFF DANIELS.

You are undoubtedly right, Jeff. The men you mention above ARE d— good football players—as far as we know. But as for them being "the most renowned," which was the question I answered, I doubt it!

Do you mean to tell the jobless, soft-coalless world that the average Marine when asked who are the most renowned football players in the Corps will chirp up and say: "Smith, McCracken, Wetja and Levey." No, no, Nanette; not for a few years, anyway.

Anyway, I was asked to name ten.

Thanks for the tip to read up the game of lacrosse.

However, I'm not much for digging up volumes on these old Indian games when there are so many good books on boxing, baseball and feetsballs lying around that I should read.

What did the old boy say on being well posted on one thing at a time?

Anyway, if it comes to the worst, I'll take up golf first!

Just to show you I am still with P. I. as always, I'll join you—"Hurray for Parris Island!"

But, remember: All-Marine teams come first!

MARINE CORPS QUINTET PLANNED FOR NEXT SEASON

Material to Be Assembled at Philadelphia Early in the Fall

Beginning next winter on the same basis that its football and baseball teams are operated, the Marine Corps plans to organize the Marine Corps basketball team, which will compete against practically the same colleges the Corps meets on the grid and diamond.

Late next fall choice material, under a competent coach, will be assembled at the Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, and, after a strenuous training, will operate out of that post. Philadelphia was selected as the home of the quintet because it is centrally located and is in the "basketball region."

This will undoubtedly be good news to the thousands of Marine basketball fans.

NEW LONDON MARINE CAGERS DOWN DOUGHBOY FIVE

Still undefeated, the Marine basketball team of the New London sub-base is hitting a strong pace and gaining a great deal of notoriety by their excellent teamwork and baffling footwork. Fort Wright, of New York, was the last team to be defeated by The Leathernecks, and the doughboys fell to the tune of 40-10. The game was one of the fastest and cleanest exhibits of basketball that has been played in a good many years between service teams. The lineup:

MARINES	FORT WRIGHT
Moore	R. F. J. McCarty
Nadler	L. F. J. Murray
Halloran	C. Thomas
Goodman	R. G. Laughlin
Stone	L. G. Niblett

We are indebted to Cpl. Rudolph Kohs for the above article.

PROF.: The next person that says "Huh" will be sent out of class.

CHORUS: Huh?

—Texas Ranger.

BOXING REVIVED AT QUANTICO

Gala Card Sponsored by THE LEATHERNECK Packs Post Gym
Captain Gover Handling Large Class of Boxers

On the evening of February 16, before one of the largest crowds ever jammed into the post gym, Quantico greeted the first monster boxing carnival staged in the interest of reviving the favorite sport at that post by the LEATHERNECK. It was a case of welcoming home the prodigal son of sports who had strayed some few years back, and every man, from the first to the last, was in on the reception committee.

In the main event, and an added feature of the night, Tony Cortez, of Washington, and Harry Groves, of Indian Head, staged a corking battle over their six-round route, which ended in a draw on the referee's decision. Starting from the opening gong, these lightweights proceeded to top each other with a continued series of lashing body blows, slowing down in the fifth, only to finish the last round in a maze of flying gloves. Groves probably shaded the fighting Italian in four of the six.

The outstanding event of the card was the semi-final three-round battle between Hugh Sweney and Vi McNeill. In this Sweney, the colorful little Irishman, not only won a judge's decision, but stole the whole show by his display of aggressive, dogged fighting.

Entering the ring toggled out in green tights of the lightest hue, McNeill and Sweney faired well to bring down the house with the applause which greeted them, being great favorites with the fans. From their first exchange of blows in the opening round until the gong, the two tore into each other with all the lust of fighting Irish hearts, at times making it hard to distinguish one from the other, so rapid and constant was their melee.

Sweney is promising material if taken under a good wing who will trim some of the many rough spots off him and slow him down in his starting rounds, a trait which will undoubtedly mean his ruination against a clever boxer over a long route. McNeill took and gave for the first two rounds, but in the third had to retire before the onslaught Hugh continued to launch.

In the third preliminary bout Jimmy Hill, veteran boxer, fought a draw with Joe Wasco, 175-pound comer. Hill started hard in the opening frame to put Wasco away, but the latter was too clever for him, and after numerous futile attempts on Hill's part to connect, he settled down to box. In the second Hill swung wildly with his right, and, in turn, came in for a great deal of body punishment from Wasco's left, which reached vital spots. End of the round found them clinched. With the bell of the third Hill rushed from his corner, and by sheer weight and aggressiveness bore Wasco down with a series of rushes. For a time it looked bad, but badly-timed swings and the lack of wind to continue forced Hill to abandon his attack. These two would look much better over a six-round trail. Both weighed 175.

CHESLOCK TO MEET VANCE

They are trying to arrange a meeting between Frank Cheslock and Walter Vance to decide the title of the Corps in the welterweight class.

Both men have announced their intention of clashing in the near future. Vance at present is on furlough, at the completion of which he will report for duty at the Philadelphia Marine Barracks. Cheslock returns this month from a tour of duty at Guantanamo Bay. Frankie recently met and beat Sailor Rosen, who before was walking away with all the marbles at the tropical post. Frankie's last match was with Thomas Guerra, a 140-pound Senegalese, the outcome of which has not been reported to this office.

Braunstein, substituting on short notice for Goldman, easily beat G. LaDue in the second preliminary bout. Braunstein is a clever lad, who has seen a bit of the ring on the outside, and with more activity should turn out nicely in the 145 class. LaDue showed plenty of heart, but no punch.

S. McCartney opened the show by knocking out Georgie Drake about a minute and a half after the gong. A right uppercut to the jaw did the deed. Mc is booked to go some more in the future.

The luster added to the evening's card was the presence of Heinie Miller, sports editor of the *Washington Herald* and editor of *Our Navy*, who officiated as referee for all the bouts.

Mr. Miller, perhaps one of the best authorities on service sports, boxing in particular, was making his debut into Marine Corps sports circles in an official capacity, as he has just recently been appointed a captain in the Marine Corps Fleet Reserve. "That was just the first of many more," says Mr. Miller.

QUANTICO FIGHT FANS—NOTICE!

A question has arisen as to whether officers and men stationed at Quantico would be willing to pay admission to the post gym to witness good boxing shows.

Will you be kind enough to fill in and clip the form below and forward immediately to "Sports Editor, THE LEATHERNECK, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C."

In this way the question will be settled and a decision reached in regard to the promotion of high-class boxing cards at your post.

Capt. Lewis Gover, who has started the ball rolling by his formation of a boxing class, aided Major Cunningham in the functions of the evening. Gover has some good boys punching around down there, and being an old hand at the game of scrambled ears, should turn out one or two leaders. Sweney and Braunstein are two boys the Captain believes will go a long way in the leather game.

SOCKO

Well, after fifteen years of trying, "Rocky Kansas" is now holding the lightweight title.

Since Benny Leonard gave up the crown, the jeweled headpiece has bounced downward instead of maintaining its prestige. First it was offered in an elimination tournament, and Jimmy Goodrich, of Buffalo, won it. Jimmy was, and maybe still is, a fair fighter, but never was the man to hold the crown of the lightweight world.

Then along came "Rocky," and in a helter-skelter bout knocked little newcomer around the roped arena, and went home with the very thing he had tried years to even get near under his arm.

But his troubles have just started. It's a rocky road from now on for "Rocky."

It's a case of really wanting to fight when a lad will write regarding his future while propped up in a hospital sickbed. This is just what Philip Herman did, as he is recuperating in the Naval Hospital at Parris Island. Philip goes on to say that he has been with the Corps only a short while, having enlisted in Baltimore, his home. He says he is 138 pounds ring-side, and his main reason for joining was to do some boxing. Undoubtedly this baby will be picked up by "Poppa" Boone after his discharge from the hospital and when he is a little more steady on his feet.

At last Quantico has fallen for the ring game and has clutched the sport in its fond embrace with what apparently looks like real affection.

Capt. L. L. Gover is the man responsible for it all. An account of the big show held there on February 16th is in another part of this sports section. It is this column's hope that boxing has come to stay in the "Camp-on-the-Potomac." They all want it. Let's see what they do to keep it.

Ad Stone, former rip-snorting Marine, and one of the most touted comers in the big class, took a terrible slide backward the other night when he was lambasted around from pillar to post by Tommy Laughran, of Philadelphia. It's a cinch that either Tommy showed unusual class, or that Ad is slipping. Let's hope it is the former.

Gene Tunney, our Big White Hope, is still tramping around the borders of Sunnysland, Florida. He is due to go North shortly, and it is every fan's wish that he bumps into some big bout.

February 25, 1926

THE LEATHERNECK

Twenty-one

BRIEFS ON PARRIS ISLAND'S
SPORTING WORLD

"One, two, three strikes—you're out—
At the old ball game."

Kind o' early for the birds up North, and the crackerjacks and peanuts are lacking, but the most essential requisites for baseball are already prominent at Parris Island. The great national game is on!

What was a poor imitation of winter is over. The sun shines. Baseball players taking part in the cold-weather sports have the itching palm, and recruits by the dozens are calling daily at the post athletic office to place their names on the list of candidates.

Under the new plan of Major R. D. Lowell, the new boss of athletics, each sport is to have its own manager, responsible for its activities. In baseball, Chief Pharmacist's Mate William Elbert Knepley ("Doc" for short) is the McGraw of Parris Island. That he knows his job there is little doubt. He has successfully managed, coached and played on a number of service teams, and with the wealth of material that the post has, it is easy to look forward to a great baseball season.

Huge canvas cages have been erected in the gym, and many of the candidates have been practicing indoors for more than a week. As the weeding out progresses, the reduced groups are given a tryout on Lee Field. "Many are called, but few are chosen." "Doc" intends to produce the best team that the Island has ever had, and does not intend to tolerate any would-bes, hangers-on or half-interested candidates. As he puts it: "They gotta work!"

Candidates for the All-Marine team are beginning to drift in from various posts and stations, and the team will probably be going strong when this goes to print. Everything is being done to make the visit of the players a profitable one.

GOLF

With the golden sun streamin' down the faraway, the "birdies" a-"tee-teen" and the worms a-"holin'" in the green, golfers and would-be golfers are beginning their pilgrimages to the post course. Some of the more hardy ones have played all winter, but the real season is just opening.

Corporal Ramaglia, Parris Island's "Pro," is busy teaching the neophytes the proper stance, grip and many other mysteries about the game, and the sale of irons and woods has increased to some extent.

TENNIS

The tennis courts at the training station and at the gym are beginning to be occupied more noticeably lately, and the racket repair business is picking up—as is cussin'.

Fishing from the docks has decreased to some extent lately, due to the absence of the fish. Corporal Petrie, the commanding general's private chauffeur, is the champ of the fishing grounds (actually, not on story form).

The ladies' basketball team had a picture in one of the local newspapers last week, and have apparently called it a successful season.

INDOOR SPORTS

There will be a meeting of the Executive Sports Committee in the near future to decide on the most practical and effective athletic gear for use in the main station postoffice. The evening mail is the most strenuously played.

With the second series of the Interpost Basketball League well on its way, interest is ever on the increase, and it's a case of arriving at the post gym a good time before the initial whistle, if one wants a seat.

Rifle Range Detachment won the first series by good playing, but the chief feature of the range's winning team was consistent practice. Although further away from the post gym than any of the other teams, they practice almost daily, and their taking the first series was only a natural result.

When the series ended the Rifle Range and Training Station teams were tied with six games played, five victories and one defeat. In the playoff the Range won with a final score of 45 to 32.

The result of the first series, however, is not a reliable precedent by which the second series may be judged. More than one of the other teams, for one reason or other, did not get away to a good start. The Officers' team, for instance, took over the Receiving Barracks' berth after the latter had withdrawn, and the series was well started. Others played their first games with little practice, and made poor showings, which are inconsistent with their play in the latter games of the series.

The second series loses none of its interest because of the result of the first, and the team that wins the trophy at the close of the league may be one that showed poor in the first run. The winner of the second series will play the Rifle Range for the championship of the league. The Range has the advantage of having run half the race successfully. Another winner must take the second series, and also play off with the Range.

The standing in the second series is as follows:

INTERPOST SCHEDULE
(Second Series)

	W.	L.	P. S.
Officers -----	1	1	30
Naval Hospital --	0	1	7
Rifle Range ----	1	0	22
Field Musics ----	1	1	37
Service Co. -----	0	2	25
H. D. T. S. -----	1	0	26
H. D. M. S. -----	2	0	56

ISLANDERS ADD FIVE GAMES
TO LIST OF WINS

By JEFF DANIELS

Since the last issue went to press the Parris Island Marine cagemen have played seven games, winning five of them easily, and according to OTHER sport writers, lost the other two not to better teams, but because of those many reasons and causes that often lose games for teams that were by far superior to their opponents.

Taking up the thread of the Island basketmen's fortunes since the last publication, Charleston, S. C., is the scene of another invasion. The Islanders arrived in the Southern port on the 4th, and played a game every night up to and inclusive of the 8th, including a game on the afternoon of the latter date, making a total of six games with four different quintets. They won in all but one, this to the Charleston Marines. However, the game was one of a three-game series, Parris Island winning the other two with a comfortable margin, also all three of the series played at Parris Island. The remaining Charleston victories were taken from the Sumpter Guards, Standard Oil Company and the Fort Moultrie Soldiers.

The Wesley Five, of Savannah, was scheduled to play at Parris Island on the 10th, but failed to show, nor did they notify the Marines. With no word from them, it is safe to surmise that they had "cold feet."

The last game of this group was probably the most important. With a home victory over the Savannah "Cats," score 28 to 22, the Marines went to Savannah on the 13th for a return game. Despite this, the local betting favored the "Cats." The latter won with the close score of 32 to 31.

POST VARSITY SCHEDULE TO DATE

January 8—Parris Island, 42; Charleston M. C., 16.

January 9—Parris Island, 37; Charleston M. C., 16.

January 10—Parris Island, 30; Charleston M. C., 17.

January 15—Parris Island, 33; Fort Moultrie, 9.

January 16—Parris Island, 32; Fort Moultrie, 13.

January 17—Parris Island, 31; Fort Moultrie, 8.

January 21—Parris Island, 39; College of Charleston, 48.

January 22—Parris Island, 17; The Citadel, 33.

January 23—Parris Island, 28; Savannah Cats, 22.

January 30—Parris Island, 34; Stubbs Five, 25.

February 4—Parris Island, 26; Sumpter Guards, 24.

February 5—Parris Island, 19; Charleston M. C., 12.

February 6—Parris Island, 26; Charleston M. C., 29.

February 7—Parris Island, 32; Charleston M. C., 14.

February 7—Parris Island, 32; Standard Oil Co., 25.

February 8—Parris Island, 31; Fort Moultrie, 22.

February 13—Parris Island, 31; Savannah Cats, 32.

MARINE CORPS NEWS

MISINFORMATION FROM THE
U. S. S. CLEVELAND

After spending a delightful time at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, the *Cleveland* proceeded to the Canal Zone, arriving in due time at Cristobal and making the passage through the canal on the same day. She arrived at Balboa on the 28th of November and tied up to the dock at pier sixteen. Shortly after our arrival at Balboa, the *Rochester* returned from Arica, Chile, where she had been on duty in connection with the Arica Plebiscite Commission of which General Pershing was chairman. The *Rochester* did not remain long in our midst as it was necessary for her to proceed north to undergo a repair period in the Navy Yard, New York. However, prior to her departure the flag of Rear Admiral J. R. Latimer was transferred to the *Cleveland* temporarily. The admiral's flag was transferred to the U.S.S. *Tulsa* on January 13th.

During our sojourn at Balboa the time was taken up with routine and emergency drills, of which general quarters and landing force played a prominent part. Liberty was granted every day after 4 P. M., with the exception of Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, when liberty was granted after quarters, and many of the crew took advantage of the opportunity to renew old friendships formed on the previous trip.

Arrangements were being made to hold the annual target practice, and up to January 4th it was thought that this practice would be held the following week; but at that time the commanding officer received orders to hold himself in readiness to proceed to Arica, Chile, to relieve the *Denver*. So on January 8th the *Cleveland* proceeded through the canal to Cristobal, where we coaled all night and returned to Balboa on the ninth. Here we took on stores and received orders to be ready to leave for Arica on a moment's notice. On Wednesday, January 13th, Maj. Gen. William Lassiter, U. S. A., who commanded the army troops in the Canal Zone and who was appointed to succeed General Pershing as chairman of the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite Commission, came on board with his staff and was received with the honors due his rank. Soon after we sailed for Arica. Upon leaving the dock at Balboa, a salute of nineteen guns was fired in honor of General Lassiter and on passing Fort Amador the salute was returned.

Prior to leaving Balboa, Sergeant McCrea, who had been sojourning in Ancon Hospital for a few days, rejoined us, much to his sorrow and our satisfaction.

Proceeding southward under ideal weather conditions, all was well until latitude 0. longitude 80° 55' W. was reached. At this time Davy Jones, Secretary to His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, accompanied by his staff, came on board and presented the following summons to all landlubbers to appear before His Majesty's Court for the official initiation into the mysteries of his domain:

Latitude 0000

Longitude 80-55 West.

Domain of Neptunus Rex
Date 15 January, 1926NOTICE AND LISTEN, YE LAND-
LUBBER!To JOHN DOE,
USS *Cleveland*.

I order and command you to appear before me at my court tomorrow to be initiated into the mysteries of my Empire. If not you shall be given as food for sharks, whales, pollywogs, frogs, etc., who will devour you, head, body and soul, as a warning to any lubbers entering my domain.

Therefore, bear and obey or suffer the penalty.

(Signed) DAVY JONES,
Secretary to His Majesty.

At 8 A. M. on the morning of January 16, His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, accompanied by his suite, arrived on board; the Jolly Roger was raised to the fore, and court was held for the benefit of the landlubbers who had never before entered the sacred precincts of this domain, and who at this time were to be initiated into the mysteries of His Majesty's Empire.

All landlubbers were greeted by the Royal Chief of Police, who escorted them to the Royal Court, where the Royal Scribe read the charges against the culprit who had committed various offenses

CAPT. A. W. OGLE MEETS DEATH IN
RAILWAY ACCIDENT

Capt. Alfred Wendell Ogle, United States Marine Corps, was killed in Boston, Mass., February 10, 1926, as a result of being run down by a freight train.

Captain Ogle was born July 20, 1894, at Seymour, Tenn., and entered the Marine Corps Reserve as a second lieutenant (provisional) on May 24, 1917. He reported for duty at Port Royal, S. C., on June 13, 1917.

He was appointed a second lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps on August 29, 1917, for a probationary period of two years. On October 18, 1917, temporarily promoted to first lieutenant.

During the War he served as a temporary captain on board the U. S. S. *Vermont* and the U. S. S. *Frederick*.

Since that time Captain Ogle had served at New Orleans, Parris Island, Santo Domingo, Quantico and Boston.

against the peace and dignity of His Majesty's Empire, or who had in some manner incurred the displeasure of some member of the Royal Suite. The prisoner was immediately sentenced to one or more of the various penalties prescribed by the laws of the domain. The prisoner was then greeted, in turn, by the Royal Executioner, Doctor, Dentist, Barber, Pirates and other lesser officials of the Royal Suite, and then immersed in the Royal Tank. Some were destined to undergo the ordeal two or more times for various offenses committed while in custody of the Royal Suite. One unsagacious son of Bellona thought that his initiation as a full-fledged shellback gave him license to make scurrilous remarks pertaining to the obesity of the Queen. It is needless to state that His Majesty did not overlook the affront directed toward the Queen, and the unfortunate offender now realizes that the way of the transgressor is, indeed, hard. Stien audibly voiced his sentiments regarding the professional ability of the Royal Doctor to properly compound a pill, and he was brought forth twice, thrice and again. Our old friend of the triple entente, Palatini, likewise thought that his initiation entitled him to all the rights and benefits of a shellback in good standing, but His Majesty thought him to be taking more interest in the proceedings than befitted a newly-made shellback, and this offender, too, joined those who had gone before. Private King also thought himself immune from further molestation; but when climbing the forward stack in order to get a good view of all that was going on, he accidentally pulled the whistle cord, thereby blowing the Royal Whistle. He, too, was reduced to the rank of landlubber and shown the error of his ways. Lieutenant Bemis was accused of hiding behind a boat hook, and was accordingly dealt with.

All members of the Marine detachment were initiated, no exceptions being made. Private Hatcher, who thought himself safely in the confines of the sick-bay, was restored to health and duty in time to participate in the festivities; and Pushkar, whose recent employment of a belying pin to impress upon Layne a certain point of view had been the cause of his temporary seclusion in Room No. 3, forward, was brought forth to answer for his misdemeanors and was initiated.

All members of General Lassiter's staff were duly initiated. General Lassiter and Captain Wainwright, who had made previous visits to the domain of His Majesty, were interested spectators throughout the ceremonies. After all, landlubbers had paid their respects to His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, and Court, the ceremonies came to an end, and the ship steamed southward under ideal weather conditions that have favored us since our departure from Balboa.

Corporal Snyder is the LEATHERNECK's representative at Quantico, Va. He is doing duty at Group Headquarters, Brown Field.

NOTICE!

In our last issue Captain Cukela's name was spelled incorrectly. It was spelled "Cukelo," for which error the LEATHERNECK is extremely sorry.

HEADQUARTERS

The A. & I. dance is a thing of the past—nothing but memories. It was a success both socially and financially. Plans are simmering, however, for another affair, and Bob O'Toole says it will be a hummer. The LEATHERNECK will keep you posted.

Headquarters has two live bowling leagues. The Marine Corps Girls League has four teams, each with five girls. Their standings follow:

	G.	W.	L.	P.C.
Eagle	60	38	22	.633
Anchor	60	32	28	.533
Semper Fidelis	60	28	32	.466
Globe	60	22	38	.366

High individual average: Meyer, 85.3; second, Brown, 84.1. High team game: Eagle, 430; second, Anchor, 423. High team set: Eagle, 1,191; second, Anchor, 1,180. High individual game: Edenton, 121; second, Brown, 118. High individual set: Edenton, 300; second, Brown, 280.

The men's league is having a good race. It is composed of eight teams, and includes personnel from all departments at headquarters. Civilians were way out in front until they were abruptly stopped three straight by the Adjutants; O'Toole's 336 set upsetting the dope. Audits, a heavy favorite for the cellar championship during the first part of the season is now coming strong, and promises stiff competition for the leaders. The standings follow:

TEAMS	G.	W.	L.	P.C.	T.P.
Civilians	48	32	16	.666	22,700
Administrative	48	26	22	.541	22,739
Adjutants	48	24	24	.500	21,998
Audits	48	24	24	.500	21,445
Commandants	48	24	24	.500	20,530
Inspectors	48	23	25	.479	21,537
Clothing	48	22	26	.458	21,624
Disbursing	48	20	28	.416	20,899

High individual game, Moore (Inspectors), 151; second high individual game, Dunavent (Adjutants), 141.

High individual set, Oertle (Clothing), 388; second high individual set, Moore (Inspectors), 375.

High team game, Administrative, 517; second high team game, Civilians-Adjutants, 515.

High team set, Civilians, 1,508; second high team set, Adjutants, 1,476.

Margaret Clinton, of the "bonus gang," resigned recently to accept a position in the secretary's office, appointment division. We know she will make good.

Doc Lancaster is marking time; awaiting final orders attaching him to Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, Cal.

An interesting task was carried out recently at headquarters. Personnel of the A. & I. file room made a complete check of the enlisted files, embracing about 180,000 cases, locating a few which had been misfiled. Considering the number of persons drawing and handling these cases, the figure covering those misplaced is in itself a favorable comment on the efficiency of the file room, and the care with which they are used by the clerical force as a whole.

The headquarters girls are planning to enter the big spring bowling tournament, and judging from the constant increase in their scores they will acquit themselves creditably for a "bunch of boots" at the game.

The headquarters girls are now lining up for the tennis season. Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills may yet have to look to their laurels.

Everett Hardell, who has been chap-eroning the adjusted compensation work for some months, has submitted his resignation as of February 28. He leaves early in March for Italy to continue his vocal studies. All who have heard his wicked tenor over the radio wish him well.

The sick list of the A. & I. department has been heavy the past two weeks, including Colonel Beadle, Major Nutting, Miss Hurley, Mrs. Abromovitz, Miss Shaughnessy, Bud Fisher, Henry Davis, Wayne Simpson, "Teddy" Dungan, Charles Hill and Robert Hodgson. All have returned to duty except Miss Hurley, Dungan, Hill and Hodgson. Lieutenant Stack, aide to the commandant, and Pvt. Raymond Nolan, also of the MGC's office, have been on the sick list. Nolan was formerly at the Marine Barracks and a member of THE LEATHERNECK staff. Members of the A. & I. Relief Fund Committee did their duty, and everyone from the department who was sick was visited and received fruit, flowers or some other pleasant greeting from the folks at the office.

Quartermaster Clerk B. D. Goodwin has been placed in charge of the reserve section which handles the policies and administration of the rapidly growing Marine Corps Reserve.

T. A. Nubson, our "chief of the records division," has been appointed a first lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve. This is a well deserved appointment and we offer him our congratulation.

"Leather-lung" Becker has been promoted from messenger to clerk on duty in the muster roll section.

Taps have sounded during the past few days for two of the old headquarters boys. Harvey O. Lawrenson, of the QM.

Department, died February 12 at Washington Grove, Maryland, and Francis L. Tetreault, of the A. & I. Department, passed away February 14, at Clarendon, Virginia.

THE MARINE

I'm just a young Marine,
A soldier of the sea.
My name engraved on tempered blade,
For Home and Liberty.

I'm roving 'round the world,
As much as can be done;
Seen the junk sails lift in the nameless
drift,
Where the East and West are one.

Hula girls are charming,
And Spanish girls not tame;
The guitar's strum, and the wind's wild
hum
Has the kick of rare champagne.

Down in Santo Domingo—
Where all revolts have birth,
In battles' reel I've used cold steel
And laughed with insane mirth.

In far-off Flanders fields'
I've seen the poppies grow,
While grave on grave of nameless brave
Sleep softly there below.

I've been in front-line trenches,
With muck up to my belt;
Kept careful watch on the wily Boche,
Like a hunter in the veldt.

I saw the Great Advance,
When the earth was wrapped in flame,
While wave on wave of nations brave
Sought their immortal fame.

Now I'm back to Home, Sweet Home,
With my civvie suit and cane;
But the wanderlust says GO or RUST—
Guess I'll "ship over" again.

THE

Peter Bain

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GARRISON
BELT

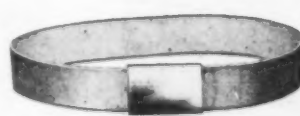
Made from Genuine Shell Cordovan. Smooth "glass" finish. Solid brass buckle. No finer military belt the world over. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. When ordering, state exact waist measurement over blouse.

\$3.75

THE

Peter Bain

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHITE DRESS
BELT

The only full quality white leather belt being offered the Marine Corps. Made from one solid piece of Genuine Cordovan, scientifically bleached snow white. Fits regulation plate buckle. State exact waist measurement over blouse when ordering.

\$3.00

 SEND \$1.00 WITH ORDER; BALANCE C. O. D. 

HABANIX LEATHER PRODUCTS CO., Toledo, Ohio

AVIATION WELDING

Welding Department—First Aviation Group

The electric welding shop at this field was installed for repair work on the new O2B1 aeroplane fuselages, but is employed in many other uses. These fuselages are constructed entirely of steel tubing, varying in wall thickness from .028 inch to .072 inch, and in diameter from ¼ inch to 1½ inches. There are approximately 750 feet of steel tubing in each of these fuselages and over 300 individual welds must be made in the completion of an entire fuselage.

In the event of an accident to one of this type of planes and a section of the tubing is found damaged, the damaged portion is cut out, replaced with new tubing, and welded firmly in place. Then the fuselage is again in as good condition as the day it left the Boeing factory, where they are originally constructed. Should a fuselage merely become bent or out of alignment in an accident, it is placed in a jig, or on horses, and brought back to its proper alignment by the use of wires, after which it is again ready for flight. Quartermaster Sergeant Mix is in charge of the alignment of fuselages at this field, a job which requires great skill and unlimited patience. He is ably assisted by Gunnery Sergeant George, another rigger of no mean ability.

All joints of tubing in these fuselages are welded by the electric arc method. The advantages of arc welding over acetylene are:

1. The arc does not set up as great an internal strain in the steel tubing as does the oxy-acetylene, hence the work is much stronger.

2. The arc is the fastest method known.

3. The arc is far more economical.

These points mentioned cover about all that can be said in favor of either method of welding, and it is quite apparent that the electric arc is superior in every way.

In addition to welding on fuselages, other jobs are undertaken in this department of the erection shop, such as individual exhaust pipes for each cylinder of the engines, motor bed braces, tail skid shoes, etc. In fact, any steel fittings or parts on an airplane may be welded with the electric arc. Arc welding differs from gas welding in both the equipment used and methods of operation. In gas welding the operator uses goggles for prevention of injury to the eyes, while the arc welder must use a helmet of fireproof, non-transparent material, with a suitable lens fitted in front of the eyes, and a pair of fireproof gloves or gauntlets. This equipment is necessary because the rays generated are strong enough to cause a burn on exposed skin, even though the operator does not come in actual contact with the arc. This burning is similar in character to sunburn, the treatment for both being the same. The heat of the arc is estimated at approximately 9,000 degrees F., the highest temperature known for practical use.

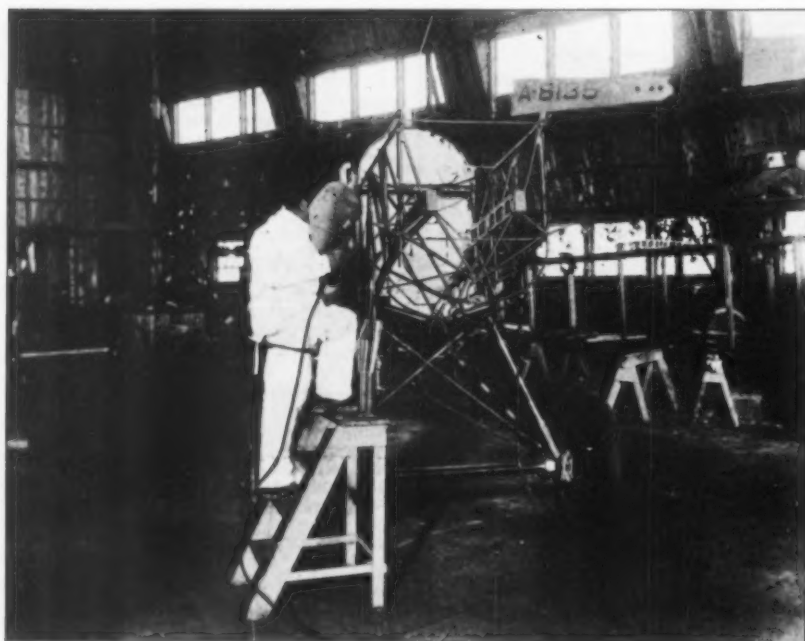
Either alternating or direct current may be used for arc welding. This station uses alternating current only, it be-

ing more efficient for welding on lighter material than the direct current. The operator requires more skill in welding with alternating current than with direct, for the alternating current, due to the very fact that it is not continuous, has a tendency to cause the arc to blow out, whereas the direct current need cause no worry from such a source.

To illustrate the operation of the two distinct methods of welding, let us assume that, in gas welding, a flame varying in heat up to approximately 4,000 degrees F. is used to bring the object to be welded up to the proper temperature, depending, of course, on the nature of the metal. When this temperature is reached a filler rod is inserted into the flame, melted and fused with the parent metal. The flame is then drawn away and the completed job is allowed to cool. In arc welding an electrode is placed in the electrode holder, which is attached to one side of the circuit in a transformer, or welding machine; the other side of the circuit is attached either direct to the object to be welded or to a metal table, and the object to be welded is placed on this table. Everything necessary is now in readiness and the operator touches the electrode to the object, pulling it away gradually until the desired arc is formed which burns a crater of molten metal in the material. Into this crater is deposited the molten electrode, and the weld is completed. As has been stated in an earlier paragraph, the heat developed in this operation is in the neighborhood of 9,000 degrees F., and the operator has a task confronting him that requires the highest order of skill.

The possibilities of electric welding are also unlimited for automobiles and truck work. For example, the cast-iron cylinders used in motors have been a source of much worry, due to the block cracking. In the past it was necessary to tear down the motor and place the cracked block under a pre-heating process before the gas weld could be effected; and even after completion it was doubtful that the job would stand the strain. But with the new method of arc welding, the car or truck may be driven to the shop, welded, and driven away in a surprisingly short space of time; and, to repeat the former statement, the cost of the electric welding is from 100 per cent to 1,000 per cent cheaper than the old method of oxy-acetylene welding.

The noncommissioned officer in charge of welding is First Sgt. E. J. Zalanka, who received a special course of instruction at the Boeing Airplane Co., Seattle, Wash. He is training other less experienced men in the technique of this art, for it appears that electric welding is destined to play an important part in the repair of the newer types of airplanes constructed almost entirely of metal, where wood was formerly used.



"What makes you girls keep your money in your stockings instead of a bank?"

"O, it draws more interest."—Recruiter.

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MARINES AS DIPLOMATIC
COURIERS

(Continued from Page 13)

thereby gaining greater weight in our movements. Every inch of space in the station was occupied by the Russians. They were lying all over the place, and those that were moving just walked over them. We walked likewise and finally reached the train, finding that there was a guard posted on the doors to keep interlopers off. This was a great help, and I got a seat, with space to park the bags without any trouble. Before the train left, however, all seats were taken, but we had space to move. The guards had kept the interior of the train clear of all except legitimate passengers, but the roof was packed with wandering *tovarishes* (soldiers), who kept pounding their feet up and down to keep warm.

Just as we were about to leave Kiev, there was a little excitement. Some Bolsheviks and Ukrainians took a dislike to each other and started to take pot shots at one another. This game was all very amusing until their aim became erratic and some of the bullets traveled our way. A couple of them passed through our carriage, and one of them slightly wounded a Russian officer who sat next to me. The coaches were lighted by candles, and I quickly blew ours out. Then the train left in a hurry, and we were deprived of the remainder of the amusement. It was the beginning of a long, tiresome journey, as I was on the train ninety hours before I reached Jassy. All I had to eat during this time was two pounds of black bread and a bowl of soup made of red cabbage boiled in water. This might not have been as bad as the trenches, but I am of the opinion that it was worse than a prison camp.

The train pulled into Jassy at ten o'clock on the night of December 29, and as usual, no one was there to meet me. I managed to persuade one of the Bolo soldiers who were guarding the train to give me a hand with the bags, as there were no hacks and no porters. We started out on foot to look for the legation; and, fortunately running into some Rumanian gendarmes, I asked them, in broken French, the direction. As the legation was some distance away, and since giving directions under the circumstances was quite difficult, two of the gendarmes volunteered to guide me there. I found out afterward that the main reason for this voluntary procedure was that the town was under martial law and that no Russians were allowed; so they came with me to escort the Bolo soldier back to the train.

At the legation I was greeted like a long-lost brother, for the mail was quite welcome. They brought out plenty of good food for me, but the smell of it made me feel faint; so I did not eat much that night. The thing that I needed most was sleep, which, when I was once in bed, came without any lullaby.

The American Minister, Mr. Vopica, was very nice to me and did everything possible to make my stay in Jassy pleasant. As the town was under martial law, I had to have my photo taken for a military pass. I am keeping a copy of this photo as a memento of the occasion and a reminder of the hardships of the trip. My cheeks were sunken in and my eyes were staring. I had lost twenty-five pounds since leaving London.

Jassy was in a most deplorable condition. The streets were veritable mud sloughs. The soldiers were very ragged and almost starved. A very few wore shoes; the others had wrappings of sackcloth around their legs and feet. The officers, though, were in splendid shape and were dressed up like comic-opera princes. The women were all very beautiful. No stores were open, as there was nothing to sell. From observation I would imagine that Jassy is a very beautiful place in normal times, and extremely picturesque.

I have a most pleasant memory of a party given at the legation on New Year's Eve, when nearly all the American colony were present, including the Red Cross and the Military Mission. The main event of the evening, outside of the dinner, was the dancing of the minister's servants (Rumanian). They entertained the guests with Rumanian and Russian folk dances, to the accompaniment of *balalaikas* (guitar-like instruments), and all was very beautiful.

It was not long till I was ordered back on my return trip. After considerable trouble I was able to get passage on a train from Jassy to Kiev, the journey this time taking only seventy-two hours. Upon my arrival at Kiev, I went back to the old location and was fixed up by Mr. Heald. I remained there four days, waiting for a train to Petrograd. One day, while I was washing a suit of underwear in a bucket, someone knocked at the door; and, under the impression that it was the caretaker with a samovar, I strolled over quite casually, and opened the door. There stood Joe Driscoll. Oh, boys, what a greeting! It was like getting a million dollars. Joe was on his way to Jassy, and had just come in. What a time we had! Having had experience, I knew the ropes and went with Joe to the station to tackle the commissar for the traveling permit. It was not so hard to get this time, and since there was a train leaving the next day, I saw Joe off for Jassy. Before he left we searched the town and managed to get together a small supply of foodstuffs for his journey.

The following day I was at the station to find out if a train was leaving for Petrograd, when an amusing thing happened. A Russian soldier came up to me and started jabbering away in Russian. When he came up for air I said to him "Ya ne gavaru pa Russky," which means "I do not speak Russian." He looked at me as though he thought me to be dippy; then he walked off and spoke to some Russians who were standing nearby. They scrutinized me for a moment, and then all burst out laughing. My temper began to rise at first; but I soon realized that it must have sounded funny to that Russian for someone to tell him what I did in his own language.

A short time after this a train arrived. Attached to this train was an American Red Cross coach, which I learned on investigation was in charge of an American Red Cross lieutenant. He seemed rather glad to see me, and told me to get my mail and come aboard, as he was bound for Petrograd. He had a couple of Serbian soldiers as guards, but as they had had much trouble in keeping Russian soldiers off the coach, he thought that my presence would help things out a bit. Before we left Kiev we spent nearly three hours getting the commissar of the station to let us hook the Red Cross car on the train going north. The joke of the

whole matter was the fact that the train was kept waiting while the argument was in progress. At every stopping place along the line we had the same trouble, and as the train was kept waiting each time this happened, one can easily see what a splendid system they had. Our chief difficulty, though, was to keep the *tovarishes* off the coach. There were four doors to the coach, two at each end; so the lieutenant and a Serb soldier guarded one end, and I and the other Serb looked out for the other. As the train was pretty well stocked with food, we lived fairly well all the way to Petrograd.

Upon reaching Petrograd I found Bill Sands there. He had been to Moscow, but was not going on to Jassy. I spent the next three days in trying to get a visa from the Bolos, which would enable me to leave the country. As the United States did not recognize the Bolo government, they did not feel like giving me one. Every morning at ten o'clock I went to the foreign office, where I was received with great kindness and courtesy. I was given cigarettes and *chai*, but no visa. They finally compromised by giving me a civilian visa; but as this did not exempt the mail from search, it was useless.

About this time the Ambassador, Mr. David R. Francis, had been receiving several threatening letters from the anarchist group in Petrograd, who said that they would hold a demonstration on the embassy if Emma Goldman, Moody, and Berkman were not released by the United States Government. Things looked rather desperate, and the Ambassador deemed the situation urgent enough to hold us couriers up and assign us to duty as guards. Joe Driscoll returned from Jassy; and Earl Christie, accompanied by a civilian courier, Bob McVicar, arrived later from London. McVicar did not stay long at Petrograd, but returned to London by way of Finland. We four couriers—Driscoll, Sands, Christie and myself—did duty on the embassy door at night, standing watch every other night in pairs.

We were instructed to wake the Ambassador in case anything unusual turned up. This was a great joke; for, since he lived at the other end of the embassy, the whole place could have been blown up before he could be reached. Besides this, the guns we were given were old Russian ones, in a very dilapidated condition; the bullets could be taken out of the cartridges, and the powder was so old that it came out in a lump. The danger of falling asleep while standing these watches was removed by having a Russian porter sleep in the entrance hall. The noise made by his breath passing through his matted whiskers was similar to the popping of the exhaust of a railroad engine. Perhaps this was why the Ambassador slept at the other end of the embassy.

We had one or two scares, and on these occasions the whole American colony was called into the embassy. I suppose this was for greater protection. The Ambassador and his staff, together with the military and naval attaches and other high-ranking diplomatic officers, etc., met in an upper room, and the rest of us congregated in the mailroom below. I used to get the boys of the mailroom together and put them through the manual of arms. This was quite interesting, as some of them attached to the Military Mission were captains and lieutenants in

(Continued on Next Page)

the National Army; but they knew little or nothing of military drill, as most of them were appointed direct from civil life.

At one time the situation became so bad that the Ambassador called on the Bolo government for a guard of soldiers. A number of what was supposed to be their crack troops came around and remained two or three days and nights. They ate the place nearly out of existence, and Mr. Francis finally came to the conclusion that it would be just as well to be bombed or shot to death as to die of starvation. He then requested their removal, and they certainly hated to go.

For a while we had been quartered in some big politician's palace, but when the scare was at its height we were moved into a room at the embassy. There we kept bachelor's hall, doing our own cooking. It had been suggested that the reason we were kept at the embassy was to guard the Ambassador's jam; so one night, while in a funny mood, I wrote the following:

THE JAM-POT GUARD

At our embassy in Petrograd things were not going very well,
For the anarchists and the Bolsheviks
said they would blow us all to hell;
So the "Old Man" moved us couriers to
a room in the embassy yard,
And said: "From now on, boys, you'll be
known as the members of the jam-
pot guard."

So-o-o-o,
Six jolly members of the jam-pot guard,
Bold and brave are we,
With our broken guns and our useless
shells
We guard the embassy.

If the Bolsheviks or the anarchists
Ever try to leave their calling card,
They will surely get a royal welcome from
The members of the jam-pot guard.

Things were in pretty bad condition in the city, and it was not safe to be out at times. Travel was most difficult, as the snow was piled up in the streets, and the few snow-burning machines that were working could only make a slight impression on it. Taking a sleighride was like having a ride in a roller-coaster. The streets cars ran occasionally, but not for long, and the service would cease at any old time. Those cars that happened to be on the run when the power gave out, just remained where they were until someone would get up energy enough to start the power off again. Bread lines, milk lines, oil lines, cigarette lines, etc., were the order of the day, and stretched for blocks.

Occasionally the red guards and the populace would have a little scrap, and then the bullets would whine. As soon as the firing commenced, everybody would dash into adjacent courtyards until it ceased. Then they would all pop out to see the damage, and this, at times, would be the signal for another outburst of firing. Then back under cover they would dash again.

At one time the Italian ambassador was held up in broad daylight and relieved of his fur coat and jewelry. When Mr. Francis went out at night, he usually took a sleigh; but on one or two occasions he walked, and then a couple of us couriers went along as guards to prevent a duplication of the Italian ambassador's experience.

Had someone tried to relieve me of my fur coat at this time, he would have met with extraordinary resistance; for this garment served to cover up an entirely depleted wardrobe. I was once invited to dinner at the Hotel Europe on the Nevski Prospect; but I could not take off my overcoat, as that part of my trousers covering the portion of my anatomy used in sitting was absent. After much talk I persuaded Mr. Francis to advance me 250 rubles with which to purchase a pair of trousers. I got these from a Russian lieutenant named Larsky, who was attached to the Military Mission as interpreter. They were riding breeches, and as he was a man of small stature, they fitted me pretty tight. The visor of my cap had come loose and hung over one eye; I had no collars, so wore a muffler; one heel was off a shoe, so I had to wear overshoes all the time to cover the discrepancy. I looked fairly good with the old fur coat on, but with it off—oh, boys!

(To be Continued)

SAMUEL J. MONTGOMERY, M. C.

Ex-Marine

Congressman Samuel J. Montgomery, of Oklahoma, has a notable war record, serving as a gunnery sergeant in the Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines, with the American Expeditionary Forces in France during the World War. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French government, with the following citation:

"General Headquarters, French Armies of the East, December 27, 1918.

"He has always displayed great bravery and coolness under the heaviest artillery fire. On October 3, 1918, he volunteered to make reconnaissances which he accomplished under very perilous conditions. Was a volunteer for all dangerous missions."

Was cited in Second Division Orders, December 31, 1918: "Volunteered for and accomplished wonderful work as a scout. Reconnoitered some woods on the left of his company, being continually fired upon by enemy machine gun snipers, but accomplished his mission in a very short time. He also went into the enemy's trenches, bringing back a prisoner, from whom valuable information was obtained." This at Blanc Mont Ridge, October 3, 1918.

And by the Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces, Citation Order No. 3: "For gallantry in action near St. Etienne, France, October 3, 1918, in voluntarily going on a reconnoitering mission."

And in Order No. 12,571 D, December 27, 1918: "General Headquarters of the French Armies of the East, General Staff, Bureau of Personnel-Decoration. With the approval of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, the Marshal of France, Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies of the East, cites in orders of the Army Corps, Sergt. Samuel J. Montgomery, 304200, 74th Co., 6th Marines. He always gave proof of the greatest bravery and the greatest coolness under the most violent bombardment. The third of October, 1918, he volunteered to make a reconnaissance which he carried out under very perilous conditions. A volunteer for all dangerous missions."

(Signed) PETAIN.

JOSE RIZAL

By EDWIN NORTH McCLELLAN

What a man is willing to die for must seem worthy to him, be he Caucasian, Malay, Mongolian, Red Indian or Negro. Courage. Of the two, courage of the mind is immeasurably superior to courage of the physical. Courage of convictions that lead to an immediate end of life. Knowledge that death lurks around the corner, yet the corner turned regardless. Jose Rizal.

Jose Rizal. Lovable, charming, virtuous and staunch. A nobleman of Nature. Moulded by the Great Sculptor who created chaste thought. The most unselfish of all Filipino leaders, past and present. The national hero of the Philippines. He moved serenely onward and upward through life to its tragic end guided by pure principles—and died that those principles might shine brighter as a national beacon for his countrymen.

Jose Rizal, while alive, appealed to the brain, not the brawn of his race. His were intellectual gestures toward political freedom. Nothing sordid or selfish. No call to unjustifiable violence. No appeal to the baser passions. No suggestion of savage rebellion, physical retaliation, revengeful cruelties, bloody massacres or illegal executions. He drew no evil picture of false patriotism.

Jose Rizal had no yearning for personal advantage or desire for self-aggrandizement. No mad craze to be president, king or emperor. He preached freedom, not from political domination, but from social, religious and economic oppression. If political independence came, it was but the means to an end of such conditions.

Jose Rizal concentrated his attack on the "conquest of mind" that alien domination had brought about. To impart such a vitality to the Filipino mind that it would be enabled to throw off the subtle poison of false doctrine and falser teachings. Without this national independence would be a calamity. He felt that national independence should come only as a natural sequence to a national consciousness that was ready for it.

A government that evolves adequately to meet changing conditions will never have a physical revolution. Spain did not.

Jose Rizal was a peril to the supremacy of such a government that prescribed only repression for all ills. Mere military leaders could be successfully combatted. But here was a different kind of a leader—one who dared to make the Filipino THINK. The American and French Revolutions were preceded by just such leaders. Thought is all-powerful.

Jose Rizal must be swept out of the path of the imperial juggernaut—or it would be wrecked. He was removed! Shot to death in December, 1896. His spirit still survives.

Then came a war between democracy and autocracy. The country of Jose Rizal was freed from the conditions against which he had preached and to improve which he had given up his mortal life. Spain no longer owns the Philippines "body and soul." The impossible conditions, of an internal nature, of Rizal's day, are gone. What person who has faithfully studied Jose Rizal and his life can deny this?

Jose Rizal is still a living force. His voice may still be heard—by those who listen.

WHITE GOLD

(Continued from Page 5)

that day no one has heard of them. It was generally believed, around Port au Prince, that a member of the high police followed them until they arrived at the 'Valley of Death' and saw them go down into it. He waited for two days but they never came out again or gave any sign of their presence. This spy returned to Port au Prince, but before he could put his report into writing he was stricken with death. So the secret of the location of the valley died with him, but this trail was always pointed out as leading to it. There is one thing that all the stories agree on, and that is that the 'Valley of Death' is but the ante-chamber to the 'Basin Rouge'."

"Well," replied Hollister in a determined tone, "here is one man who is going to investigate this so-called 'Valley of Death' and live to tell the tale. All I ask is that I have my little friend here with me"; and he patted the automatic pistol on his hip.

"Ah, then you, too, believe the story?"

"Like hell I do, but I feel sure that there must be a valley up here somewhere. I will admit, though, that there may be some foundation for your story. Never any smoke without at least a little fire, you know. Come on, we're wasting time. Let's get started."

Suiting action to his words, he mounted his horse, which one of the men had led up a few minutes before, and started along the trail which still led steadily upward. It really didn't deserve the appellation of "trail." It was hardly a decent footpath and it was evident to anyone that it was seldom, if ever, used. Time after time they were forced to detour in order to avoid large boulders that obstructed the way. There was no sign of any habitation for miles. Looking back over his shoulder, Hollister was afforded a magnificent view of the southern end of the island. For miles and miles all he could see was mountain after mountain, almost as if some playful giant, in the dim, red dawn of time, had taken a double handful of mountains, together with a few slices of level ground, and dumped it all haphazardly on an unsuspecting earth. The scene recalled to his mind the incident of the French nobleman, who, when asked by a lady to describe the island of Haiti, took a piece of paper and, crumpling it in his hands, threw it on the table with the remark, "There, madam, is Haiti."

A portion of the Bay of Port au Prince was visible, flanked on either side by its two great headlands, between which lay the island of La Gonave. How blue the water looked beneath the golden rays of the morning sun!

The city itself was not in his line of vision, being hid by the foothills, but he could imagine it nestling there, like a pearl on a background of green velvet.

"Well, Fourreau," said Hollister, after they had ridden in silence for some time, "do you feel differently in the daylight about your 'Great Spirit' and 'Basin Rouge'?"

"Yes and no," replied Fourreau. "One always feels differently about such things in the daytime, you know."

He cast a speculative glance at Hollister before continuing. For a moment

he was undecided whether to speak or not. Then, making up his mind, he said: "Captain, you retired after I did last night. Did you, just before you turned in, notice anything unusual?"

Hollister gave a slight start. Had Fourreau, too, seen the red fire? He had not failed, though, to catch the tone of entreaty in which Fourreau had spoken, and he felt almost certain that a negative answer was desired. He decided to dodge the main issue for the moment.

"What did you notice that was unusual?" he parried.

"Just before I went to sleep I saw, or thought I saw, in the direction we are now going a deep, blood-red glow against the sky."

"Good heavens! I saw the same thing, but had nearly persuaded myself that I was seeing things. Hardly likely, though, that we would both be seeing things; not at the same time, at least."

Suddenly the reason for a certain incident that had puzzled him flashed into Hollister's mind.

"By God," he shouted, "I know now why the men looked at me so queerly this morning. I'll bet you they saw it, too. It must have been there all right. Wish I knew for sure what it was."

"You laughed at me last night when I first told you of the 'Basin Rouge.' Maybe you have changed your mind?" suggested Fourreau.

"No," replied Hollister, emphatically, "I haven't. I might give some credit to the treasure part of your story but the other, never. You know very well that such things are absurd. You can bank on it that we will find some natural cause is responsible for this red fire, though I admit I can't imagine what it is."

"Let's see, I said it would be nearly three hours ride from where we started

this morning to the valley and we have been under way nearly an hour now. We'll go ahead until we reach the valley, then look around for a camping ground. God knows how long we will be there."

A little over two hours more of steady riding brought them to a point from which they could see where the trail went down to the valley. They left the trail at this point and struck off through the underbrush. The vegetation had changed radically and in place of palms, mango trees, and large groves of banana trees they were now in the midst of scrub pine, oak, and thick, matted undergrowth. Three hundred yards from the trail they came upon a spot comparatively free from trees, though thickly covered with underbrush. This, Hollister decided, would make an ideal camp, once some of this underbrush was cleared away.

Dismounting, he tossed the reins to one of the men, and instructed the corporal to unsaddle the animals, clear away some of the underbrush, and under no consideration to light a fire before he returned. He then left, accompanied by Fourreau, to reconnoiter the country.

Ten minutes brisk walk brought them to a point a few yards to the left of where the trail descended into the valley. So this was the "Valley of Death." It was not misnamed, he thought, as he looked upon it.

With his field glasses he tried to follow the course of the trail; but after continuing for a few yards, it became almost indistinguishable on the sandy floor of the valley. Here and there he could make out what looked like hoof-prints in the sand. He followed these hoof-prints with his glasses, but lost them on the far side. This was evidence that someone had passed that way, but it might have been

(Continued on Next Page)

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BARTON'S DYANSHINE
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WHITE GOLD

(Continued from Page 27)

days, or even weeks before, as there had been no rain in this region for some time. He felt sure, though, that these marks had been left by the animals in the pack train which his detective had followed.

Finally he laid aside his glasses and turned to Fourreau. "I hardly know what to do," he said, in a perplexed tone. "I'm just itching to explore that valley, yet I want to watch it for a while. If we started down that slope now and there is anyone over there on the other side, they'll spot us in a minute and then beat it. I guess the best thing to do is to lie low until night."

Fourreau nodded his head in silent agreement, and Hollister picked up his field glasses, determined to study the valley in detail. It was, he estimated, possibly three-quarters of a mile long and a half a mile wide at its widest point. It was at least three hundred feet from where he lay to the floor of the valley and he could see that the slope they would have to go down was steep and rocky. He considered the possibility of circling around and entering the valley from some other point, but soon dismissed the idea as a first hasty scrutiny revealed the fact that the walls of the valley, except for a few yards on either side of the trail, were too steep and sheer to permit a descent.

He next scanned with interest the opposite mountain side and was surprised to note that, after rising gradually for approximately a hundred yards, the mountain side rose abruptly in sheer cliffs that reached a height of several hundred feet. Above these cliffs the mountain was rocky and barren.

It was manifestly impossible for the trail to go up over the opposite mountain side. It must, therefore, go around the mountain. He then studied closely along the sides of the valley, but could find no place where the trail could possibly circle the mountain.

The valley itself was dry and barren with a desolate appearance. The floor of the valley consisted of loose sand and rocks and all together the place had a most forbidding aspect.

The face of the cliff directly opposite came next under his careful scrutiny, but he could discern no means whereby it would be possible to ascend. At one point the cliff appeared to be blackened as if by smoke, but he thought that it must be a discoloration caused by seeping water.

Completing his survey he again laid aside his glasses and addressed Fourreau.

"Here is your 'Valley of Death,'" he said with a wave of his hand. "I can see how to get down, but how are you going to get out on the other side?"

Fourreau shrugged his shoulders. "It has me stopped, I'll admit. Under your influence I had begun to doubt the 'Great Spirit', but what other explanation can you give?"

"Come on, man," said Hollister, "there must be some way out that we can't see from here. Possibly there is a narrow gorge in one corner that leads out. Anyway, we can't tell until we explore the place thoroughly. The only thing to do is to lie here and keep a lookout for someone to show himself."

"Say, I just happened to think that possibly this old man with the pack train knew that he was being followed, ran into this valley to hide and scared my man away with his red fire. Then after my man had gone he came out with his pack train and continued on around the mountain."

"But there is no sign anywhere of their having come out again," objected Fourreau.

"Quite true," replied Hollister, "but take a look at the ground. The sun has baked it nearly as hard as iron, so they wouldn't necessarily leave any trace. However, I believe that the best thing for us to do will be for one of us to keep a watch on the valley while the other goes back to camp for some chow. I'll stay here while you go and get your dinner, then you can relieve me. We'll keep a close lookout until early tomorrow morning and if we don't see anything by then we will take a chance and look the place over."

Fourreau nodded his head in agreement and set out at once for the clearing where they had left the men and supplies.

Left alone, Hollister's thoughts returned to the red glow of the night before. Fourreau had seen it and he felt sure that one or more of the men must have seen it too; therefore, it could not have been a figment of his imagination. From the relative location of the valley and the spot where they had passed the night, he judged that whatever had caused this blood-red fire to appear momentarily against the sky must have been in this valley or immediate vicinity. He thought of several possibilities but could arrive at no definite conclusion.

He then recalled the incident Fourreau had mentioned of the white man and his wife who had set out to explore the interior of the island and who had never been heard from. This had been years ago, he thought, and it was quite probable that they had been victims of some roving company of bandits or else fallen into the horrible clutches of some voodoo priest. So far as he could see, there was no connection between this incident and his present investigation.

A moment later his train of thought was rudely interrupted by the sound of someone dashing madly toward him through the underbrush.

Suddenly Fourreau burst upon the scene. Not the Fourreau that had left him but a few minutes before, but a sadly frightened man, with torn clothing, whose breath came in great, gasping sobs.

"My God, man, what has happened?" cried Hollister, jumping to his feet.

Fourreau stood still for a moment and gasped for breath. Finally he managed to stammer out, "Mon Dieu, Captain, when I arrived at the camp I didn't see the men and I looked around and I saw one of them, as I thought, standing against a tree. I called to him but he didn't answer, so I went closer and I found that he is dead. The other two men have disappeared."

Fourreau's statement seemed almost incredible, yet the man's condition and evident fright left no doubt in Hollister's mind. He acted quickly.

"Come," he shouted, "we haven't a moment to lose."

Suiting action to his words he started off toward camp at a run. He could hear Fourreau following close behind and as he hurried on he tried to reason out what could possibly have occurred, but was unable to arrive at any conclusion. For a moment he condemned Fourreau for not waiting to investigate more before calling him, yet on the other hand he was glad that Fourreau had acted as he did.

He soon arrived at the camping ground and, at first glance, everything appeared to be just as he had left it. The horses and pack animals were still tied to the trees and the various articles of camping gear were strewn about just as they had been taken from the packs.

He soon located the man, just as Fourreau had said. The body was in an upright position, tied securely to a tree. He went forward to examine it and was horrified to see that the right arm was extended with the forefinger pointing down the trail toward Petionville and Port au Prince. It seemed almost as though the dead man was urging him to return before it was too late.

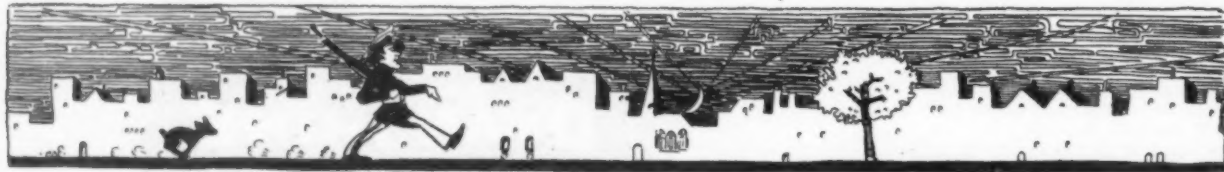
He gritted his teeth, dismissing the thought from his mind. He examined the body more closely and was astonished to find that it was still warm though rigor mortis had set in. He knew that the man couldn't have died over an hour before. He could find no marks of violence on the body and the clothing was not even torn, yet there was no doubt in his mind that the man had been the victim of foul play.

A hasty examination of the clearing and vicinity revealed the fact that there had been no struggle. Of the other man and the corporal there was not even a trace. They had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

With the aid of a small pick and trench shovel they silently set upon the task of burying the body. Hollister wished that he might have an autopsy made, but he knew that it was impossible.

Just as they were placing the last shovel of dirt on the newly made grave there arose on the still air, from the direction of the valley, a shrill, agonized wail, such a cry as might have come from some damned soul in the very pit of Hell.

(To be continued)



Gyngles of a Gyrene

By ARTHUR J. BURKES

To all good Marines wherever they may be found; to those who gave their all to uphold the sacred traditions of the Corps and who, in the full measure of a devotion, sleep today beside their French and English brothers; to those who stand ready and willing to follow in the footsteps of their departed buddies, and grasping the torch which they, in falling, hurled toward the enemy, raise it silently aloft and resolve in their innermost hearts to CARRY ON. To such as these this comble is reverently dedicated.

PROLOGUE

I ain't no great shakes of a poet,
Here's my alibi right at the start;
I'm weak at the game and I know it,
So I ask you to just have a heart.

If you weep with dismay o'er my rhythm,
And try to count feet in my lines;
I beg you to have patience with 'em,
And I'll try to do better next time.

If you find any fault with the rhyming,
Any kicks o'er the way that I spell;
I've tried to make up in the timing,
And hope that will do just as well.

Iambic Pentameter is all Greek to me,
And troches are not in my line;
The other things needful for good poetry,
I'm sorry if I left 'em behind.

But the dope I have wrote about service,
And the other things that I have said;
Let's hope will not make you feel nervous,
If I've hit the ole nail on the head.

Don't get sore if I tread on your toes,
Don't get mad if I seem to hit low;
They are things that most every one knows,
Believe it or not, it is so.

If this gives you a moment of pleasure,
I'll be happy as happy can be;
E'en though it takes up your leisure,
With more truth than poetry.



A GYRENE'S MASCOT

I sit on the beach in the twilight,
With my nose pointed up to the sky;
And yowl my sadness to the starlight,
I've just told my friend good-bye.

I'm a straight-tailed Dominican Mon-
grel,

I was born in Black Man's Alley;
I am black myself—and a scoundrel,
With a jaw like Ward O'Malley.

I was only a tiny purp with a whimper,
And a fear of the human eye;
When a nigger kicked me out in darkness
And left me there to die.

A big Gyrene came along and found me,
And my cup of trouble was full;
For he tied me back of the galley,
With a rope that would hold a bull.
And his buddies who happened to pass
me,

Were accustomed to swerve and stay;
Shie a stick or a kick at my sidelights,
I stopped all that came my way.

I hadn't the guts of a wood-louse,
Or the courage to raise a growl;
With abuse I was darn near bughouse,
But I'd just tuck my tail and yowl.
Till a new Gyrene joined the outfit,
A quiet, subdued sort of chap;
Who cuffed me an' made me hot it,
And taught me the joy of a scrap.

He wasn't much to look at,
A big-hearted sort of ham;
With ears like scalloped oysters,
And a neck like that of a clam.
From his hips to his crown he was perfect,
With the grace of fair palm trees;
While that part of him stood at attention,
The rest of him stood at ease.

The boys' were a-raisin' the Devil,
An' kickin' me all 'round the place;
The biggest of all had my tail in thrall,
When a knobby fist smacked in his face.

The fist of the man, with the neck like a clam,
And a body like a fair palm tree;
"Wot the 'ell!

This dorg is my dorg—See!
He ain't never had no learnin',
Just cuffs an' kicks for his'n;
But the guy what bothers 'm from this time forth,

Hits the deck if I hit pris'n."
That's how his knibs from the Middle West,

Became a lifelong pal o' mine;
It was hard but I did my best,
To conquer my cowardly whine.

I hadn't never been in a dog-size fight,
For I hadn't been built that way;
Always thought the safest was a speedy flight,

That he is surest of livin' who runs away.

Never raised the fur along the small of my back,

When the town curs yelped at me,
Always tucked my tail an' took the way-back-track,
I had no shame you see.

But the guy with ears like oysters,
And the neck like the neck of a clam,
Threw a scare at the Gyrene roisters
And I soon didn't care a damn.
For he taught me the use of my muzzle,
And the power in my nice white fangs;
He solved my fear, though it was a puzzle,
And I came to myself with a bang.

This is the way that he did it,
It may not work all the time;
In his own square beak he put the end of a steak,

And put the 'tother end in mine.
He got down on the ground on his hands and knees,
And greatly to my surprise;
He growled and pulled and I growled and pulled,
I enjoyed it and closed my eyes.

Every day for a month he did it,
And fiercer grew his whine;
It was in fun but I didn't know it,
So it stiffened the bone in my spine.
By the end of that time I was fighting prime,
I'd forgotten the cuffs and kicks;
I was over the border when there came the order,
Which sent my chum into the sticks.

I entered the wilderness with him,
And sat by his side while he slept;
He would smile at me as the light grew dim,
For he knew a good guard would be kept.
It was dark and there wasn't no moon-light,
And the wind whistled through the trees;
My chum was asleep an' in the half-light
I saw a Haitian on hands and knees,
A-creepin' up close to the sleeper,
With machete pointin' up to the skies;
I knew the ole game in an instant—
Jumped and grabbed an' closed my eyes.

There wasn't no steak in his black beak;
But how was I to know it—
When I closed my eyes and hung on tight,
That I hung by the Haitian's throat?
When I opened my eyes he was quiet;
He didn't growl an' whine like my chum;
The latter was awake an' just as quiet—
Eyes a-glisten he cursed me an' called me a bum.

But I knew that he didn't mean it;
His voice don't quiver when he's sore,
So I scampered and barked 'round the Haitian;
But he wouldn't get up for more!
My chum arose from his pallet,
And snapped his fingers at me,
And we hurried that night at a gallop
From the thing that lay under the tree.

Back at the camp of the Gyrenes,
I was petted and cuffed to a T;
I'm not sure a bit what it all means,
For they say I'm a hero you see.
But I know when they are off duty,
An' drinkin' a wee bit of beer;
I sit in their midst an' look pretty,
While they sing that the gang is all here.

But I'm lonely tonight for some reason;
My chum looked at me sorta queer
An' said, "I am sorry ole geezer,
I'm afraid you will have to stay here;
For the transport that's takin' me home-ward
Is as clean an' as trim as a hair,
An' I've just been told by the steward
There's no room for mongrels there."

Maybe that's why I sit on the beach in the twilight,
With my nose pointed up to the sky;
And yowl my soul's sadness starward,
'Cause my buddie just whispered,
"Goodbye!"

Rice & Duval, Inc.

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THE GAZETTE

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE,
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

COL. W. C. HARLISE
LT. COL. WM. C. SMALL
MAJ. HARRY K. PICKETT
CAPT. HENRY S. HAUSMANN
1ST LT. WM. N. MCKELVY, JR.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

COL. RICHARD S. HOOKER
LT. COL. ROBERT B. FARQUHARSON
MAJ. MAURICE S. BERRY
CAPT. ALBERT B. SAGE
1ST LT. JAMES M. SMITH

RECENT ORDERS

JANUARY 28, 1926

Maj. J. P. Wilcox, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
Capt. W. F. Richards, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, California.
Q. M. Ck. Willis V. Harris, appointed a Q. M. Ck. and assigned to duty at Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

JANUARY 29, 1926

No orders were announced.

JANUARY 30, 1926

Capt. B. F. Hickey, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, Quantico, Va.
Capt. E. Mehlinger, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to Rectg., District of New York, New York, N. Y.
1st Lieut. E. Savage, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Rectg., District of Charlotte, Charlotte, N. C.
2nd Lieut. F. D. Weir, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
Col. R. S. Hooker and Lieut. Col. R. B. Farquharson have been promoted to the grades indicated.

FEBRUARY 1, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 2, 1926

1st Lieut. J. A. Nelson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
1st Lieut. E. S. Shaw, upon disbandment of the Anti-Aircraft Fire Control Unit, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Pensacola, Fla.
Mar. Gnr. F. O. Lundt, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

FEBRUARY 3, 1926

Capt. E. F. C. Collier, relieved from duty with the Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., and assigned to duty at Headquarters Marine Corps.
Capt. L. B. Reagan, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
2nd Lieut. F. M. Fletcher, resigned.
2nd Lieut. M. F. Schneider, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.

FEBRUARY 4, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 5, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 6, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 8, 1926

Maj. J. P. Wilcox, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.
2nd Lieut. C. Shoemith, appointment as a 2nd lieutenant revoked.

FEBRUARY 9, 1926

No orders were announced.

FEBRUARY 10, 1926

Lieut. Col. E. W. Banker, AQM., detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Reserve

2nd Lieut. W. R. Sheets, MCR, on February 1st assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on February 15th relieved from active duty.

Maj. E. L. Bigler, MCR, on February 13th, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on February 27th relieved from active duty.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

4 February, 1926.

Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, forwarded commissions in the Marine Corps Reserve this week to the following officers:

FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE:

1st Lieut. Benjamin M. Hammond.

VOLUNTEER MARINE CORPS RESERVE:

Capt. George A. Golding.

1st Lieut. Christopher G. Hodge, Jr.

1st Lieut. Troy A. Nubson.

DEATHS

ENLISTED MEN

FOURTINER—Thomas V., Pvt. 1st Class, died January 12, 1926, of disease at the Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Henry Battmer, friend, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California.

JENDRASZAK—Martin, Sgt., died January 2, 1926, of disease at Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Bunce, sister, 831 W. 35th Place, Chicago, Ill.

JOHNSON—Raymond A., Pvt., died January 12, 1926, of disease at Naval Hospital, Canacao, P. I. Next of kin: Mr. Lynn R. Johnson, father, Box 163, Golden, Colo.

KEELER—Louis, Pvt., died January 18, 1926, of disease at Guam. Next of kin: Mrs. Julia Keeler, mother, 925 N. Main St., Pocatello, Idaho.

SWIFT—Tex R., Pvt. 1st Class, died January 1, 1926, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. R. L. Wilson, sister, Porterville, Calif.

TULLEY—Phillip L., Cpl., died January 19, 1926, at New Castle, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna Tulley, wife, 206 W. Stockton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

WAGNER—Harry L., Pvt., died January 24, 1926, of disease at Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Vesta Wagner, mother, Holyoke, Colo.

COUTIER—Alfred E., 1st Sgt., Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, inactive, died January 30, 1926, of disease at Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Edith Coutier, wife, 100 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

ELY—John E., Sgt., retired, died December 29, 1925, of disease at Frederick, Md. Next of kin: Mrs. Gertrude Slagle, niece, 22 W. Patrick St., Frederick, Md.

REENLISTMENTS

Walter C. O'Toole, at Minneapolis, 1-16-26, for MB, San Diego.

James E. Shepherd, at South Bend, Indiana, 1-8-26, for West Coast.

Harry W. Sissel, at Peoria, Ill., 1-13-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

John D. Doherty, at San Francisco, 1-11-26, for MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.

Robert V. Kelly, at Boston, 1-29-26, for NYD, Boston.

Herbert A. Bowd, at Detroit, 1-29-26, for NOB, Hampton Roads.

Ernest F. Gore, at Richmond, 1-29-26, NOB, Hampton Roads.

Jack T. Handley, at Atlanta, 1-29-26, for Parris Island, S. C.

John E. Bloch, at Portland, 1-20-26, for NYD, Mare Island.

Jack E. Breeze, at San Diego, 1-22-26, for Mare Island, Calif.

Frederick Dykstra, at San Diego, 1-23-26, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

William Dykstra, at San Francisco, 1-25-26, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Ernest E. Fritts, at Denver, 1-20-26, for NYD, Mare Island.

Harry D. Goode, at San Francisco, 1-22-26, for Office of A.A.S.L., San Francisco, Calif.

Harry W. Leonard, at Seattle, 1-23-26, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Morgan Pittman, at San Francisco, 1-23-26, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

James F. Miskell, at Quantico, 1-29-26, for Quantico, Va.

George Herzenberg, at Kansas City, 1-30-26, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Cheston L. Raichart, at Denver, 1-23-26, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Andy Gergely, at Philadelphia, 2-3-26, for West Coast.

Herman Shafer, at Cincinnati, 2-2-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Joseph Straus, at Lakehurst, 2-3-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Leonard W. Hampton, at Pittsburgh, 2-1-26, for West Coast.

Willard M. Hoadley, at Hartford, 2-1-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.
James N. Eakin, at Richmond, 2-2-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
Cornelius J. McCarthy, at Quantico, 2-2-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.
Russell W. Walter, at Detroit, 2-3-26, for West Coast.

Cecil R. Watkins, at Los Angeles, 1-28-26, for Mare Island, Calif.

Howard D. Hudson, at Cincinnati, 2-9-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Harold O. DeVaughan, at Richmond, 2-10-26, for MB, Parris Island.

Francis G. Burns, at Parris Island, 2-1-26, for MB, Parris Island.

James V. Nicholas, at Quantico, 2-10-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Joseph L. Durand, at St. Paul, 2-28-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Roy George, at Omaha, 2-6-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

William H. Kapanke, at Saginaw, 2-8-26, for MB, Washington, D. C.

Manny Berkman, at Lakehurst, 2-10-26, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Earl L. Sloan, at Philadelphia, 2-8-26, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.

Samuel E. Knaggs, at Charlotte, 2-7-26, for Rectg., Charlotte.

Ernest D. Villegas, at Houston, 2-5-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

RECENT GRADUATES

Pvt. Clarence E. L. Yahn—Aeroplane Engines Course.

Mr. Lynwood A. Miller—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Mr. Norman L. Sommers—Motorman's Course.

Gun. Sgt. James G. Davey—Poultry Farming Course.

Capt. Walter T. Galliford—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

Cpl. John Kowalewski—Good English Course.

Cpl. Paul M. Griffin—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Cpl. Anthony P. Cronberg—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Cpl. Russell J. George—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private First Class John Henvorde—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private First Class John Buckland—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private First Class Archie A. Helgeson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Howard G. Harding—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

CPM Edward W. Flynn—Pharmacy Course.

CPM Charles L. Wood—Pharmacy Course.

Pvt. Herman L. Lay—Farm Business Management Course.

Pvt. Herman L. Pauley—Soil Improvement Course.

Pvt. John C. Davis—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Cpl. Gustav M. Thomas—Complete Gas Engines Course.

Private First Class Joseph F. Ellison—Complete Gas Engines Course.

Pvt. Coleman J. Thomas—Radio Operator's Course.

Pvt. Andrew C. Montanaro—Good English Course.

Pvt. Grady E. Dodson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private First Class Forrest L. Earlywine—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Thomas E. Hynes—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Thomas E. Fargy—Complete Automobile Course.

Mr. Carl G. Grumet—Aeroplane Engines Course.

Pvt. Earl D. Hieb—Complete Automobile Course.

Cpl. Jerome T. Ericsson—Salesmanship Course.

Sgt. Joseph L. McKnight—Salesmanship Course.

1st Sgt. Cecil R. Bates—Complete Automobile Course.

Cpl. Andrew T. McAnsh—Complete Automobile Course.

Cpl. Thomas J. Gargan—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Cpl. Evan G. Highley—Radio Operator's Course.

Pvt. Junious Perkins—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Carl Ludwig—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private First Class Orville C. Warnecke—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Cpl. Andrew Grella—Carpenter's Special Course.

Cpl. Gordon W. Heritage—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Sgt. James E. Smith—Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting and Auditing Course.

1st Lieut. Lester E. Power—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

Pvt. Orval B. Lasater—Radio Operator's Course.

Mr. Edward A. Chokey—Complete Steam Engineering Course.

A LIST OF QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

February 3, 1926.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

Name	Date of Appointment
1. Lentz, George—June 21, 1912.	
2. Hogan, Frederick L.—September 1, 1916.	
3. Martin, Clifton P.—September 28, 1916.	
4. Manley, Frank P.—October 28, 1916.	
5. Edwards, Janny W.—December 11, 1916.	
6. Falconer, Robert—January 25, 1917.	
7. Sullivan, Frederick B.—February 13, 1917.	
8. Bassen, William—April 11, 1917.	
9. Furey, George S.—April 23, 1917.	
10. O'Toole, Ray—April 24, 1917.	
11. Denison, William—April 28, 1917.	
12. Seitz, John—June 8, 1917.	
13. Saunders, Richard O. E.—July 3, 1917.	
14. Jensen, John P.—July 6, 1917.	
15. Powell, Andrew L.—August 4, 1917.	
16. Scott, Robert B.—August 4, 1917.	
17. Nichol, Glenn R.—August 16, 1917.	
18. Wadsworth, Arthur L., Jr.—August 28, 1917.	
19. Weinhold, Fred E.—August 28, 1917.	
20. Wellmeyer, Wilbur M.—August 29, 1917.	
21. Crugar, Fletcher B.—September 24, 1917.	
22. Hockney, George W.—October 26, 1917.	
23. McLuckie, Robert M.—October 26, 1917.	
24. Rogers, Victor H.—October 26, 1917.	
25. Cassels, James—October 31, 1917.	
26. Clark, Eddie B.—November 23, 1917.	
27. Roberson, Boyce L.—November 27, 1917.	
28. Hillier, Alfred—December 22, 1917.	
29. Clifford, Jack—January 4, 1918.	
30. Dench, Thomas W.—January 11, 1918.	
31. Nelson, Crusoe—January 11, 1918.	
32. Miller, Lewis O.—January 30, 1918.	
33. Walker, Fred E.—February 11, 1918.	
34. Byers, Charles W.—February 13, 1918.	
35. Pusey, Robert W.—March 7, 1918.	
36. Hoffman, Joseph—March 16, 1918.	
37. Smithers, Dennis K.—April 13, 1918.	
38. Miller, Morris E.—May 3, 1918.	
39. Entringer, Alexander N.—May 3, 1918.	
40. Kemp, Robert L.—May 6, 1918.	
41. Jackson, Francis M.—May 8, 1918.	
42. Harris, Willis V.—May 25, 1918.	
43. Lawrenson, Raymond M.—May 28, 1918.	
44. Woodrow, Albert O.—May 31, 1918.	
45. Baker, John W.—June 19, 1918.	
46. Oertle, John—July 2, 1918.	
47. Nevarre, Harvey L.—July 24, 1918.	
48. Barrett, Henry L.—July 26, 1918.	
49. Lorraine, Robert—July 26, 1918.	
50. Carol, Walter E.—July 26, 1918.	
51. O'Hara, Redmond—July 26, 1918.	
52. Dennison, Arthur E.—July 27, 1918.	
53. Goodman, Neil C.—July 29, 1918.	
54. Blaxton, Lester M.—August 1, 1918.	
55. Harris, Frank—August 6, 1918.	
56. Reddish, James F.—September 1, 1918.	
57. Imbersterg, William T.—September 11, 1918.	
58. Goessler, Edward L.—September 23, 1918.	
59. Crane, James F.—September 30, 1918.	
60. Larson, Laurence—October 30, 1918.	
61. Bailey, Frank M.—November 20, 1918.	
62. McNew, William B.—November 20, 1918.	
63. Fountain, James M.—November 25, 1918.	
64. Sutton, William R.—November 25, 1918.	
65. Oesterle, John F.—November 25, 1918.	
66. Hape, Lenny O.—December 7, 1918.	
67. Olson, Joseph W.—January 6, 1919.	
68. Davis, Lincoln P.—February 28, 1919.	
69. Ellwanger, William G.—March 6, 1919.	
70. Middendorff, Herman N.—March 13, 1919.	
71. Stowe, Ansell M.—March 13, 1919.	
72. Thompson, Samuel G.—March 18, 1919.	
73. Berger, Joseph N. M.—April 2, 1919.	
74. Resch, William H.—April 2, 1919.	
75. Deakins, Hugh F.—April 2, 1919.	
76. Tabor, Guy F.—April 2, 1919.	
77. Rape, William G.—April 2, 1919.	
78. Haakenstad, Leonard A.—April 2, 1919.	
79. Pantier, Elmer T.—April 2, 1919.	
80. Gregor, Wenzel G. T.—April 2, 1919.	
81. Wandt, Henry W.—April 2, 1919.	
82. Midgett, Adolphus—April 8, 1919.	
83. Godfrey, Henry H.—April 8, 1919.	
84. Kinna, Roy L.—April 28, 1919.	
85. Tyree, Frank L.—May 14, 1919.	
86. Zehms, William C.—May 20, 1919.	
87. Harris, Earl P.—May 20, 1919.	
88. Stokes, Andrew J.—June 16, 1919.	
89. Speer, George N.—June 19, 1919.	
90. Brendt, Lee—June 19, 1919.	
91. Corcoran, George H.—August 8, 1919.	
92. Lydick, Dewey—August 8, 1919.	
93. Hinkle, Warren L.—August 8, 1919.	
94. Price, Garlin J.—August 8, 1919.	
95. Bissett, Ollie—August 8, 1919.	
96. Donnelly, Walter M.—August 8, 1919.	
97. Smith, Earl—August 8, 1919.	
98. McVey, Edward—September 11, 1919.	
99. Ashby, Hugh B.—September 12, 1919.	
100. McCormack, John L.—September 23, 1919.	
101. Coleman, Harold R.—November 1, 1919.	

102. Hey, August A.—November 3, 1919.	
103. McIlvenne, Frederick—November 15, 1919.	
104. Lytle, Harry E.—November 22, 1919.	
105. Flynn, Harold L.—November 22, 1919.	
106. Sullivan, Louis A.—December 18, 1919.	
107. Manning, Philip J.—December 20, 1919.	
108. Winter, Hugo—December 29, 1919.	
109. Moore, Frederick H.—January 1, 1920.	
110. Ellis, Rosco—February 13, 1920.	
111. Shoemaker, Louis F.—February 16, 1920.	
112. Robbins, Percy W.—March 1, 1920.	
113. Eineichner, John M.—March 1, 1920.	
114. Clayton, Charles D.A.—March 11, 1920.	
115. May, Eugene J.—March 11, 1920.	
116. Moore, Eliuh R.—March 11, 1920.	
117. Weibel, Albert R.—March 11, 1920.	
118. Beard, Reid—March 11, 1920.	
119. Sterling, Homer—March 11, 1920.	
120. Hirsch, Charles B.—March 11, 1920.	
121. McPherson, Carl M.—March 11, 1920.	
122. Smith, Clyde T.—March 11, 1920.	
123. Overman, Stanley H.—April 7, 1920.	
124. Zumbahlen, William R.—April 8, 1920.	
125. Williams, Frank H.—April 18, 1920.	
126. Brannon, Charles D.—June 5, 1920.	
127. Onofrio, Frank J.—June 22, 1920.	
128. Firth, Albert A.—June 25, 1920.	
129. Smith, James E.—June 24, 1920.	
130. Murphree, George M.—August 13, 1920.	
131. Scott, Milton R.—December 3, 1920.	
132. Wright, Roland A.—January 3, 1921.	
133. McGraw, John K.—January 8, 1921.	
134. Hughes, Henry L.—February 10, 1921.	
135. Widman, Frederick J.—April 12, 1921.	
136. Webster, Clyde H.—May 19, 1921.	
137. Fowler, Jesse J.—May 21, 1921.	
138. Roberts, Carl B.—September 18, 1921.	
139. Murphy, Michael F.—December 27, 1921.	
140. Sutphin, Charles J.—September 22, 1922.	
141. Jones, Donald B.—November 1, 1922.	
142. England, Herbert—February 1, 1923.	
143. Granger, Warren L.—March 6, 1923.	
144. Woods, Dayton R.—March 26, 1923.	
145. Snyder, Harry C.—April 7, 1923.	
146. Backus, William E.—April 7, 1923.	
147. Czapp, Walter J.—April 9, 1923.	
148. Brown, William G.—May 5, 1923.	
149. Jamison, Edward K.—May 23, 1923.	
150. Hutchison, Louis F.—September 12, 1923.	
151. Razette, Raoul L.—September 13, 1923.	
152. Mitchell, William B.—September 14, 1923.	
153. Gilmurry, John P.—October 6, 1923.	
154. Rousar, Leon R.—December 13, 1923.	
155. Greenberg, Louis—January 11, 1924.	
156. Straus, Joseph—February 1, 1924.	
157. Wilson, Verner A.—March 21, 1924.	
158. Peterman, Gustave A.—April 22, 1924.	
159. Reppenhagen, Edwin C.—April 25, 1924.	
160. Connolly, James D.—May 1, 1924.	
161. Bakwin, Harry B.—May 9, 1924.	
162. Murphy, Joseph F.—May 29, 1924.	
163. Wilson, Clarence A.—June 2, 1924.	
164. Sands, William R.—July 1, 1924.	
165. Titus, Allan F.—August 2, 1924.	
166. Rainier, Hayes—November 15, 1924.	
167. Hamer, Clarence J.—December 15, 1924.	
168. Smith, John F.—December 20, 1924.	
169. McCarthy, Cornelius J.—December 31, 1924.	
170. McGuire, Leo J.—January 1, 1925.	
171. McDonald, James H.—January 15, 1925.	
172. Egan, Vincent A.—May 29, 1925.	

AVIATION

1. Belcher, Benjamin F., Jr.—September 1, 1924.	
2. Boyle, George J.—September 1, 1924.	
3. Pounders, Walter L.—September 1, 1924.	
4. Henderson, Norman G.—September 1, 1924.	
5. Mix, Clarence V.—September 1, 1924.	
6. Esterbrook, Paul B.—September 1, 1924.	
7. Blackwell, Harry L.—September 1, 1924.	
8. Paschal, Archie—September 1, 1924.	

PAYMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

1. Rowlee, Raymond A.—October 10, 1916.	
2. Ford, Edwin C.—October 28, 1916.	
3. Loben, Edward A.—August 24, 1917.	
4. Schneider, Monty L.—April 22, 1918.	
5. Butts, Dennis W.—June 25, 1918.	
6. Pilitch, Vincent—July 10, 1918.	
7. Rath, John H.—July 24, 1918.	
8. Cramer, Joseph—August 8, 1918.	
9. Porter, David R.—October 11, 1918.	
10. Donovan, George—October 29, 1918.	
11. Jenkins, Jasper L.—November 1, 1918.	
12. Hueckels, Frank J., Jr.—November 20, 1918.	
13. Gates, Charles T.—December 20, 1918.	
14. Meyer, James U.—December 24, 1918.	
15. Phillips, Clinton A.—April 23, 1919.	
16. Jones, Ernest M.—May 10, 1919.	
17. Richardson, Edward A.—May 10, 1919.	
18. Hall, Emmett G.—July 16, 1919.	
19. Connor, Paul J.—September 15, 1919.	
20. Murphy, Timothy E.—October 10, 1919.	
21. Miller, Ernest P.—November 7, 1919.	
22. Stamm, Melvin E.—November 12, 1919.	
23. Ward, Hubert N.—November 12, 1919.	
24. Carroll, John P.—November 14, 1919.	
25. Neff, Paul A.—November 14, 1919.	

26. Post, Carlton L.—November 14, 1919.	
27. Smith, Thea A.—November 14, 1919.	
28. Geiger, Harvey A.—November 17, 1919.	
29. Watson, Thomas G.—December 11, 1919.	
30. Martin, Paul A.—February 1, 1920.	
31. Seiffert, John L.—February 26, 1920.	
32. McGroory, Martin A.—March 3, 1920.	
33. Long, Albert H.—March 18, 1920.	
34. Maculay, Walter L.—March 12, 1920.	
35. Dahlsten, Magnus R.—May 18, 1920.	
36. Bates, Norman C.—July 23, 1920.	
37. Brown, Arthur—August 6, 1920.	
38. Colner, Andy—August 17, 1920.	
39. Jones, Alfred E.—August 23, 1920.	
40. Tracy, Frank L.—May 20, 1924.	
41. Hall, John E.—June 20, 1924.	
42. Frank, George R.—June 20, 1924.	

OFFICE OF THE MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT AND THE ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT

1. Wilson, Noble J.—August 16, 1917.	
2. Browne, Charles H.—October 24, 1917.	
3. Moore, Frederick J.—December 18, 1917.	
4. Fisher, Frank L.—August 10, 1918.	
5. Brosseau, Oswald—August 21, 1918.	
6. Darr, Albert C.—November 25, 1918.	
7. Ledoux, Landerville—January 14, 1919.	
8. Gill, Reginald H.—February 28, 1919.	
9. Miller, Thomas L.—October 1, 1919.	
10. Lockout, Edward E.—October 1, 1919.	
11. Smith, Monroe L.—January 1, 1920.	
12. Miller, Frank N.—October 6, 1920.	
13. Howell, Morton B.—October 26, 1921.	
14. Webb, Percy—April 17, 1924.	

CUSTOMER (holding up badly bent knife): I can't cut this steak. See what it did to the knife.

WAITER: Oh, that's all right. We won't charge you for the knife.—RED CAT.

OUR MARINES

Did you ever have a feeling when Old Glory comes in view
That you're proud to say it's your flag
Because you love it, too?
Can you imagine, of the feeling,
That you'd have on foreign scenes
To see Old Glory wave, o'er top of our Marines.

It's an outfit that can land you see
On any foreign shore,
And protect our own possessions
Without an Act of War.

They are detailed on our battleships
And in many foreign scenes,
And you will always find them wide awake—
Our own U. S. Marines.

If there is trouble brewing
From the far West to the East,
They always go prepared to fight
As though it were a feast.

It's an outfit to be proud of,
And they'll always do their best;
'Cause they represent our people
On the East coast, and the West.

There's a standard in this outfit
It's one that can't be beat,
No matter what the danger is
A Marine will ne'er retreat.

It's a pass word and a true one,
And it's one we'll always shield;
That there is no greater honor
Than to die on the battlefield.

And so you know the reason
Why our outfit is the best,
And we are ready to die in battle
While our souls in honor rest.

MELVIN R. SCHMIDT.

THAT MEAT SMELLS TIRING!

THE BIRD WITH THE WONDERFUL POMPADOUR, WHO ALWAYS GETS ORDERED TO THE BARBER SHOP

MY GOIL LIKES IT THISAWAY

BUFF LOCKER

GLORIA, THE BARRACKS FELINE, SEEMS TO BE IN DISGRACE!

"BRIG" BREAD AND WATER DEPT. INSPECTION MEANS NUTHIN' TO US.

10:30 AM ON SATURDAY AT ANY BARRACKS - THE BIG PARADE - With Apologies to LAWRENCE STALLING AND KING VIDOR

THE GUY WITH THE SWAB, WHO KEEPS JUST ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE INSPECTION PARTY, AND LEAVES DAMP SWAB MARKS ON ALL THE DECKS AS A MUTE TESTIMONIAL TO THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE BEEN SCRUBBED.

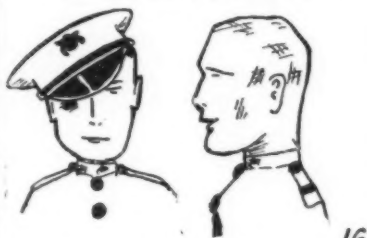
HERE WE HAVE THE C.O. AND HIS BODYGUARD SALLYING FORTH TO INSPECT THE BARRACKS. FROM RIGHT TO LEFT: THE TRUMPETER UNNECESSARILY WARNS THE OUTRIT THAT TROUBLE IS ON ITS WAY. NEXT COMES THE BULKY SGT. MAJOR, THE ONLY ENLISTED MAN WHO RATES A Moustache. His job is to STEER THE C.O. TO ONLY THOSE PARTS OF THE BARRACKS WHICH HAVE BEEN CLEANED UP. THEN COMES THE C.O. HIMSELF. IS HIS WORRIED LOOK CAUSED BY FEAR OF FINDING TRACES OF DUST IN THE CORNERS? IT IS NOT. HE IS WORRYING ABOUT THOSE 50 SHARES OF GENERAL MOTORS HE JUST BOUGHT. THE TWO GAY YOUNG BLADES IN REAR OF THE C.O. DO NOT TAKE THIS AFFAIR SERIOUSLY ENOUGH. THEY ARE THE ADJUTANT AND THE POST Q.M. DISCUSSING THE DETAILS OF LAST NIGHT'S PARTY. LAST COMES LO, THE POOR MEDCO, TRYING TO THINK UP A NEW BRAND OF COCKROACH EXTERMINATOR, SO THE C.O. WILL KNOW HE IS ON THE JOB.

SEA- GOIN'!

THE PASODA BEAK- DOES NOT FIND MUCH FAVOR WITH THE C.O. AT INSPECTIONS

WASHINGTON MERCHANDISE

ATTENTION, MARINES!



16

"Where do you buy your civies?"
"At SAIDMAN'S, of course, for he has the

Budget Buying Plan,

which enables me to buy them out of my earnings instead of out of my savings."

"How does this Budget Plan work?"

"Well, this plan gives me three months to complete payment, while wearing them. For example, I buy \$30 worth of civies, pay \$10 down and \$10 each pay day until payment is completed."

"I think that is a good plan. I need a topcoat, a hat and some shirts. What is his address?"

Here it is:

SAIDMAN'S MEN'S SHOP

729 8th Street S. E.

Opposite Marine Barracks
Washington, D. C.

SNO-WHITE

A perfect preparation for renewing the freshness and beauty of dress White Belts, for Canvas Shoes, etc.

The unique advantages of Sno-White are that it is easy to apply, gives immediate and perfect results, and when applied cannot rub off or soil other clothing.

Price 25 Cents

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Washington, D. C.

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Allows you to buy the Styleplus and Herzog Clothes and Furnishings on a special 10-weekly plan. TEN WEEKS TO PAY.

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Full Line of Equipment. We have received our first importation of the Famous Burberry Raincoats—Top Coats—Usters. Priced Reasonably.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
Columbia 4580

THE TIRED OLD MAN WHO MAY SOME DAY BE YOU!

He's a kindly, well-meaning old fellow, but somehow a failure. Seems as if he never could quite make the grade.

Too frequently now you will find him scanning the Help Wanted columns of the newspapers, searching for something—for anything—to do. You feel a tinge of pity as you pass him by, and breathe a hope that you will never come to that.

Yet that broken man of fifty or fifty-five was once as young as you. At twenty or twenty-five, he viewed the future with confident eyes, and dreamed his dream of success even as you are dreaming yours today. But he simply dreamed.

And the months went by and the years, and slowly, but surely, the dream faded out. Too late he realized, if he realized at all, that he had failed, not because an unkind nature had given him less than his share of ability—but because he had never learned to do any one thing well.

Today he marches as a humble, foot-sore soldier in the great Army of the Unprepared. He isn't a trained salesman—he isn't a trained architect—he isn't a trained accountant—he isn't a trained anything. *He does not have anything to do*



because he does not know how to do anything!

Take care, young man—take care lest some day that tired old man be you!

Prepare yourself now for the great day that is Tomorrow. Plan your future as carefully as an architect would plan a building of value beyond price. Train yourself to do some one thing surprisingly well. For then, and then only, will the years find you rising instead of falling.

There is no better way to prepare for advancement in any line of business than to study at home in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools. Such a course will lift

you out of the ranks of the untrained and bring you to your goal of success far quicker than if you try to make the journey alone.

The coupon beckons—the same familiar coupon that has brought success to so many other men in just your circumstances.

Isn't it better to send it in today than to wait a year or five years and then wish you had?

Tear Out Here

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Box 5277 Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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Electric Wiring
Telegraph Engineer
Telephone Work
MECHANICAL ENGINEER
Mechanical Draftsman
Machine Shop Practice
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MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER
STATIONARY ENGINEER
Marine Engineer
ARCHITECT
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Draftsman

Concrete Builder
Structural Engineer
PLUMBING AND HEATING
Sheet-Metal Worker
Textile Overseer or Superintendent
CHEMIST
Pharmacy
BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
SALESMANSHIP
ADVERTISING
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ILLUSTRATING
Cartooning
PRIVATE SECRETARY
Business Correspondent
BOOKKEEPER
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